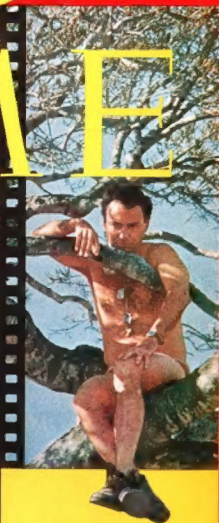


FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 15, 1970

Catch 22 on Film

TIME



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LETTERS

Let Us Enjoy

Sir: Wasn't it Samuel Butler who said, about a century ago, that man is the only animal who doesn't realize that the purpose of life is to enjoy it? Somewhere beneath the crush of fears, inhibitions, traumas and guilt complexes in all of us, there's probably a basic being who knows full well that's why he's here but doesn't know how to utilize the realization.

Thanks to those in Masters and Johnson's profession (May 25), who dedicate themselves full time to helping make life more pleasurable for humanity. May they rip the puritanical curtain and let the sunshine in. Let us all enjoy!

(MRS.) LIZ SCHENCK

Lake Oswego, Ore.

Sir: It seems to me that Masters and Johnson create more problems than they solve. As a laywoman (no pun intended), I studiously avoid all that Masterly advice on sex. So much analysis and technical information could ruin a perfectly enjoyable relationship.

MARY RITA SMALLEY

Springfield, Ill.

Sir: When I retrieved TIME from the backyard, where I'd been reading, the birds and the bees were laughing their little heads off.

The rabbits were absolutely hysterical.

ANNA M.R. STONE

Weirton, W. Va.

Sir: Masters and Johnson are rediscovering a few things about sex that Freud could have enlightened them about 80 years ago. For one thing, they are finding out that man's sexual problems have very little to do with physiology, but a great deal with the hypocrisies to which we subject our children. Being a thoroughly honest man, Freud also realized that little was to be gained from physical examinations, medical treatment or lectures. People need to learn about their fouled-up feelings, attitudes and beliefs; they do not need a course in gymnastics.

HANS H. STRUPP

Professor, Department of Psychology
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

Sir: The subject sex has rarely been approached with thicker rubber gloves and longer forceps than in your article. Nearest to it might be the Boy Scout manual of 1936 (page 399).

BARTON G. WEST

Park Ridge, Ill.

Sir: I find the current preoccupation with sex quite unnecessary. As every psychologist knows, sex is an instinctive drive, like that for taking food when hungry. One would never think of giving courses to improve the desire to take food. But this, precisely, is what your two masters of somatic intimacy are doing with sex.

As every man sooner or later discovers, sex is largely a waste of time. Remember what Lord Chesterfield said about it: the pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous, and the expense damnable.

PHILIP EIBEL, M.D.

Montreal

Sir: After 15 years of marriage (four children), I thought the line from "Bedroom Athletics" to "move your pelvis and be-

hind as if they were loaded with ball bearings" would bring a chuckle from my wife. To my amazement she leaped from her chair and began to demonstrate her golf swing while muttering, "That must be the trouble."

Whether sex is more akin to golf than pro football, I leave to Miss Garrity, but it's all too funny to be real.

CHARLES A. HORNELL

Elkhart, Ind.

Waiting for an Excuse

Sir: Congratulations to the New York construction workers (May 25), the best thing that's happened in this country for a long time. I would advise some of the academic community and some other persons of less than mediocre common sense to help maintain order and to encourage political action instead of demonstrations, mobs, arson and destruction. A lot of us working people, military people and low enforcement people are waiting for enough excuse to join the construction workers.

BOB AMACHER

Attorney

Downey, Calif.

Sir: The recent display by New York hardhats with their Gestapo-type invasion of a peace rally was disgusting! As a 28-year-old college student, ex-paratrooper and active participant in peace demonstrations, I was enraged at their actions.

It actions like theirs that will lead to a violent revolution in this country.

RICHARD FOSTER

Gainesville, Fla.

Sir: At last someone in this nation of sheep has the guts to stand up against the spoiled college brats. These wet-behind-the-ears babies overran their parents, and their school administrators, and now they are after the President and the United States of America.

(MRS.) ANNA ZADINS

Penfield, N.Y.

Sir: The article on the hardhats has caused me to think about what this country has given to me and other students. I came to the conclusion that it has given us too much. This younger generation, which I am not sure I am proud to be a part of, is spoiled. The world is so simple to live in today, and we students have no challenges to face. Students who are spoiled in this way do not wish to work within any system, so they protest and expect what they demand to be handed to them on a silver platter. The colleges are in a sad state when they do not expect students who burn everything from flags to buildings, strike the classes and disrupt the learning process.

PAMELA PARRISH

Deerfield, Ill.

Charlie in a Bind

Sir: As I sit here thinking of the many objects I would like to thrust into the mouth of the protester on your cover (May 18), I say good for Mr. Nixon. In the short time since U.S. forces entered Cambodia, all of us here in Bien Hoa can see the good results. All of the supplies, i.e., weapons, ammo, rice, rockets, that have been found in "the City" and other places in Cambodia help us here. Activity in our area has dropped. The V.C. gets his weapons at the store in Cambodia,

and if the store is closed, he can't get the goods. And that, my fellow Americans, puts Charlie in a bind. He is now running. (How about a size 9½ tropical combat boot in that mouth?)

JOHN J. SPILLANE
Captain, U.S.A.

APO San Francisco

Sir: President Nixon's commitment in Cambodia makes as much sense as a man avidly pursuing a woman when he has no desire to marry her, sleep with her, or even be seen with her. If the game requires us not to win, then why try harder?

CHARLES A. ROGERS

Fairless Hills, Pa.

Rock-Salt Solution

Sir: Re "How to Keep Order Without Killing" [May 25]: Some years ago as a youth, I was a member of raiding parties. The object of our raids was not banks, schools or such, but outlying watermelon patches. The "Pigs" in those days, were grizzled farmers armed with their trusty 12-gaugers loaded with rock salt. Never heard of anyone getting killed, but it was several days before some of us could sit down comfortably. Anyway, such tactics effectively protected valuable property and maintained law and order.

GEORGE R. WILSON

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Measured by the Con

Sir: John Gardner's famous undelivered speech [May 25] contains an inconsistency in thought common to most politicians.

Gardner laudably appeals for "immediate and far-reaching moves" to save the environment, but he follows this with a call



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for "sustained economic growth." Since said growth is largely responsible for the plunder of natural resources, this is like trying to repair, maintain, and fuel a car while pressing the accelerator to the floor. Good ecology is incompatible with ancient economic dogmas that wealth is something measured in beer cans per consumer.

PIERCE BUTLER

La Crescenta, Calif.

Sage of the Age

Sir: I read the frankly ridiculous letter of Miss Linda Eldredge [May 11]. What broken promises, which worthless agreements, and just which reforms is she referring to? And what does she know about world politics, strategy, history, social patterns? And just how are things "getting worse each day"? Did she ever take the time to find out just how much better a place the world is today for just how many more people than it was a mere 50 years ago? What progress there has been in countless fields from medicine to farming to justice? I doubt it. But she wants the world ruled and remodeled to fit her requirements.

I have to agree with Professor K. Ross Toole, of the University of Montana, who wrote: "By virtue of what right, by what accomplishment, should thousands of teenagers, wet behind the ears and utterly without the benefit of having lived long enough to have either judgment or wisdom, become the sages of our time?"

(MRS.) AMY M. VARDALA

Bronxville, N.Y.

Now for a Nest Egg

Sir: In accord with the rash of egg throwing currently breaking out in England, per "An Egalitarian Education" [May 18], a fellow student and I took it upon ourselves to test the evidence presented to the public in TIME in order to corroborate the validity of the article. Consequently, we announced to the student body of our small high school that I would throw ten eggs a maximum distance onto the school's luxuriantly soft lawn. Naturally, as this was a sporting event, we could not resist taking a few modest bets from various other students who challenged our claim that six of the ten eggs would remain unbroken.

Rest assured that we still have an ample amount of faith in TIME, and as soon as we conclude the bankruptcy proceedings, we plan to reincorporate and try again.

DAVID OSBORNE

CASEY MANDEL

Tacoma, Wash.

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TIME

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CRONIN, NICHOLS, HARBISON & KANFER IN NICHOLS' APARTMENT

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

COVERING show business," says Los Angeles Correspondent Sandra Burton, "is mostly a problem of logistics. Just when a star is most preoccupied with a film and least accessible—shooting on some remote location or on a closed sound stage—that's when you decide you must interview him. Because it's nearly impossible to get up earlier or work later than he does, it's difficult to see him before or after shooting. So interviewing has to be piecemeal—between takes, on planes, in cars."

Reporting this week's cover story on Film Director Mike Nichols was no exception for Sandy or for New York Correspondent Mary Cronin and Researcher Georgia Harbison. Their assignment started appropriately enough, with an exclusive Los Angeles preview of *Catch-22* which Nichols has adapted from Joseph Heller's bestseller. "I've never flown 3,000 miles to see a movie before," remarked Georgia. Actually, she flew 6,000 miles, because she was back in New York the following day, tracking down nearly a dozen of Mike's earlier associates and co-workers.

Mary Cronin remained in Los Angeles, trying to keep pace with Mike himself as he raced around the Paramount lot. In preparation for interviewing Mike during a flight back to New York, she had bought five new tapes for her recorder.

But she took the wrong freeway, nearly missed the plane, and in her rush left the tapes in the car. Nichols was delighted at this evidence of journalistic fallibility, but Mary didn't mind. She was elated at having her peripatetic subject strapped down beside her during the five-hour flight.

In Hollywood, Sandy interviewed stars who know Nichols well and even got an appointment with elusive Elaine May, whose social satires with Mike made them both famous. Elaine's brilliance at conveying key words with gestures and facial expressions was a problem for our correspondent, however. When Sandy reviewed her notes, she found empty spaces scattered through Elaine's quotes—all at crucial points in the sentences.

The story was written by TIME Cinema Critic Stefan Kanfer—who has had a couple of his own TV and theatrical comedies produced—and edited by Peter Bird Martin. How did Martin and Kanfer feel about their all-women reporting team? Says Kanfer: "The work made its customary demands on the cerebrum, but the optic nerve had an easier time."

The Cover: Photographs of Mike Nichols by Santi Visulli and of Alan Arkin (as Yossarian in a tree) by Bob Willoughby. Design by Robert C. Crandall

INDEX

Cover	66	Color	28A
Art	62	Law	60
Books	99	Letters	2
Business	91	Medicine	56
Cinema	66	Milestones	54
Education	46	Nation	12
Environment	59	People	40
		Press	80
		Religion	50
		Science	43
		Sport	76
		Theater	87
		World	26

ASSISTANT PUBLISHER
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Ivan Ethington of Chicago will tell you how he can say "Yes" more often to shippers because another freight train has been added to the half dozen already operating daily between Chicago and St. Paul. And Don King of Minneapolis will point out that shippers are taking advantage of dropping off partial shipments at various points at no extra cost.

One of the most important "Yesses" from the merger is that shippers can now move goods between Seattle and the Gulf on one line. Thanks to BN's subsidiaries, The Colorado and Southern and Fort Worth and Denver. Headed by Presidents John Terrill and Ellis Simmons.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Wages of Fear

Illinois Senator Charles Percy had never publicly discussed the murder of his 21-year-old daughter Valerie nearly four years ago. Last week, breaking his silence, Percy discussed his family's life since the mysterious killing.

With a \$50,000 reward still out for the killer, the Percys have lived in dread. When they moved to Washington, said the Senator, "we started at the police station and circled our way from there looking for a home." They settled half a block from the precinct house, installed burglar alarms, magnetic seals on the windows and a guard dog. Fear, Percy warned, inevitably breeds a dangerous, defensive solipsism. "When an individual is afraid," he said, "he worries about only one thing—himself. No. 1 The poor, the oppressed, those whose lives have been torn by war, the imprisoned, the neglected and lonely, all of these are to be tended to later, if at all. Even justice takes a back seat."

The Price of Demonstrating

The First Amendment can be expensive. During a two-week period in May, New York City paid its police \$1,000,000 in overtime to handle pro and anti-war demonstrations. "But as long as the demonstrations are peaceful, it is a plus," said Mayor John Lindsay. However, he added, "we can't afford it. How much better it would be if the money could be put into fighting poverty, into anti-narcotics and other such programs."

Good News

REPORTERS, EDITORS and subscribers wanted for a new newspaper that prints only good news.

Barry Wanger, 23, the Hartford, Conn., newsman who placed the ad in *Editor & Publisher*, assumed that it would be recognized as a put-on, a small *reductio ad absurdum* of Vice President Agnew's fulminations against the baleful pessimism of the press. As a gag, Wanger sent a brief description of his Pollyanna venture to Agnew's office. He was startled to receive a reply from an Agnew aide: "Although he can in no way endorse a commercial venture, the Vice President is most appreciative of the thinking behind your new publication and has relayed his good wishes for the 'good news.'"



NIXON & FINCH AT PRESS CONFERENCE

Finch: First Casualty

SOON after becoming Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert Finch confided to an interviewer

"I am the most liberal member of this Cabinet." That was not the only distinction possessed by Richard Nixon's youngest and most attractive department chief, now 44. Finch's almost filial relationship with the President, going back nearly 25 years, was the most personal claimed by any Cabinet officer. He had the most promising political future in the group. For all these great expectations, Finch has been the most abused and frustrated high official in Washington. Last week he became the first of Richard Nixon's Cabinet appointees to be replaced.

The move, which was not a complete surprise, came out daubed with the most cheerful hues possible under the circumstances. As Nixon personally made the announcement to newsmen there was no suggestion of the controversies that had come between the two men or of the dissatisfaction that Nixon had begun to feel. Rather, the President said that he needed his "old and closest friend and associate" near by in the White House. He will have the title of Counselor to the President, travel with the President at home and abroad, and provide advice on both domestic and certain foreign subjects. "I regret losing him at HEW," the President said. "But I need him here." Succeding him at HEW will be Elliot Richardson, now Under Secretary of State (see box).

Rescued, How Finch will fit into the tightly structured White House staff (*TIME* cover, June 8) remains to be seen. As he stood near the President weary and crumpled, Finch hardly looked like someone who had just advanced professionally. Instead, he was a man who had been rescued and given

an safe haven—by the vessel that had rammed him in the first place. But he was still gamely loyal. "It's a higher calling," he quipped, "but a lower salary" (\$42,500 vs. \$60,000 at HEW).

When the Administration took office, it seemed that Finch's troubles would be like those of any HEW Secretary—financial and administrative, rather than political and ideological. HEW is a bureaucratic monster, with some 250 separate programs and a personnel roster of 107,000. Finch, given his pick of several Cabinet jobs, hesitated not at all on which to take: "HEW is where the action is."

Finch's critics were to argue later that he never quite mastered his sprawling empire. Continuing turmoil, partic-

HEW's New

I THINK of myself as a career public servant," says Elliot Richardson, 49, the Harvard-trained Boston lawyer named last week to succeed Robert Finch as the boss of HEW. He knows the premises; he served as HEW Assistant Secretary in the Eisenhower Administration and turned down the HEW under-secretaryship under Nixon, explaining that "I had already been through all that." Instead, he has been the No. 2 man in the State Department, where he has displayed a talent for management that will be exercised to the full in picking up the pieces at diffuse and demoralized HEW.

He has some specific credentials for his new task as well. As Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts from 1965 to 1967, he drafted mental health programs and welfare reform legislation. As Massachusetts attorney general from 1967



RICHARDSON



HAPPIER DAYS: LUNCHEON HONORING FINCH LAST YEAR

of the Nixon Cabinet

larly within the Health section, was a constant problem (see MEDICINE). But Finch brought to the job a determination to reform and modernize HEW. Though firmly positioned in the progressive wing of the G.O.P., he is also a Nixon team player. "Our theme is going to be pragmatism," he announced. Translated, that meant no quick requests for extra billions and grandiose new programs. It did mean innovative proposals like the welfare reform scheme, which finally became Administration policy after much internal debate and represented one of Finch's few victories.

First Intimation. From the beginning Finch sought out like-minded progressives to be his ranking subordinates. Among them were Under Secretary

John Veneman, Education Commissioner James Allen, and Leon Panetta, chief of the Civil Rights Office. Another nominee—Dr. John Knowles to be Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs—produced the first public intimation of Finch's political problems. For months, the nomination remained in limbo because of opposition from the American Medical Association and a handful of conservatives in Congress. Nixon finally ruled last June in favor of the A.M.A.

Only a week later, Finch went through the wringer again, this time over school desegregation. Though publicly committed to ending segregation, the White House and Attorney General John Mitchell wanted to soften the process and thereby prove to Southerners that Washington understood their problems. Finch opposed any relaxation of pressure. The result was a joint proclamation, issued last July over Finch and Mitchell's names, which proved to be the first of a series of waffling pronouncements on the emotionally charged subject.

In a group of Mississippi cases, Finch was then compelled to argue for a delay in the desegregation deadline. The Supreme Court later blocked that maneuver, and even without constant judicial pressure the Administration is now going ahead with desegregation efforts. Nonetheless, Finch and HEW had been put in the position of fighting a rear-guard action against conservatives in the White House and Justice Department on the school issue. In one skirmish, the White House forced Leon Panetta to resign.

Frustration. Compared with Mitchell and White House Aides Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, Finch was clearly losing access and influence by the middle of last year. Some of Nixon's aides

were muttering that Finch had retained too many Democrats in HEW, that he could not control subordinates critical of the Administration.

Simultaneously, Finch was under pressure from his own staff and from HEW's constituency: the poor, the black, the young—to assert himself more vigorously. At a May meeting with 75 ranking aides, Finch had to defend his leadership against attack. Fatigued and depressed, he was to attend a mass meeting of protesting HEW staffers three weeks ago when he was suddenly hospitalized because an exhaustion-induced nerve ailment had numbed his arm. Reflecting on her father's attitude, Maureen Finch 20, said last month, "I see the frustration growing. There just is no money for HEW to do the things he knows it should."

Diffident. Even some of Finch's friends began to wonder whether he was the best man for HEW, whether he could stand the strain. Though forceful and articulate in public appearances, Finch tends to be diffident in small meetings and face-to-face confrontations, where much of the infighting takes place. Recently he has been sleeping little, smoking and drinking a bit too much.

Haldeman, a fellow Californian and longtime friend, suggested to Nixon that Finch be brought into the White House some weeks ago. Then, last Friday, just 24 hours before the announcement the President called Finch into the Oval Office and again proposed the arrangement. Was it Finch's liberalism or his weakness in coping with administrative detail that finally caused him to be nudged aside? Both were factors. But to the end, Finch was prepared to stick it out. When Nixon summoned him last week, the Secretary was in the process of revising his schedule to allow more time for close supervision of his department. Another man might have quit the Administration altogether, but Finch has been too close to Nixon too long for that.

Secretary

to 1969, he handled many cases arguing the cause of civil rights. Officials sitting in meetings with Richardson are often fascinated by his endless, highly intricate doodles. They soon find that the verbal points he is making simultaneously with his doodles are just as well structured. "He speaks in paragraphs," says an admiring friend.

Richardson's welcome of staff initiative and readiness to exchange ideas should help soothe the temper of HEW, which employs many of Nixon's in-house dissenters. Those liberal dissenters are getting a Secretary cut from the same moderate-to-liberal mold as his predecessor. At the 1968 Miami convention that nominated Nixon and Agnew, Richardson's was one of the few dissenting shouts from the floor when it was moved that Agnew's nomination be made unanimous.

Primaries: Leaning Toward the Right

READING primary elections as a flow chart of political and ideological trends is risky. The primaries are scattered in geography and time, often poorly patronized by voters and more vulnerable to local loves and hates than are general elections. In last week's round, nonetheless, a few clear lines were discernible among the conflicting results. On balance the week was better for the right than the left, kinder to incumbents than challengers. Where the odds prevailed, as in Alabama and New Mexico, they represented a kind of local orthodoxy. Where the relatively progressive candidates won, as in the New Jersey Senate primaries, they stood for their party establishments. Radicalism on the left and restlessness in the middle may be rising, but they have yet to submerge the ballot box.

Crocker Base. The most significant contest by any measure pitted George Wallace against Albert Brewer in Alabama. That Wallace's bluntly racist comeback campaign succeeded in toppling the comparatively moderate, attractive Governor both showed the density of white resentment in the Deep South and broadcast ripples that will be felt in other states and in 1972.

Wallace's victory will doubtless be an inhibiting factor for Deep South candidates who might consider moving toward a moderate position on racial issues. But Alabama is neither the whole South nor the region's bellwether. Along with Mississippi and Louisiana, Alabama may in fact represent a vestigial resistance with far more past than future (see following story). Kevin Phillips, a theorist and codifier of the Nixon Administration's largely misnamed Southern strategy, believes that "Wallace has become too gross for the Southern middle class. Where before he was a conservative regional candidate, he had to get down to his cracker base to win in his home state."

Still, incumbency will obviously make Wallace a stronger third party presidential candidate in 1972 than he would otherwise have been, particularly if he concentrates on the South rather than carrying his campaign nationwide, as he did in 1968. Said one Nixon aide after Wallace's victory: "We just wrote off 30 to 50 electoral votes." While Wallace's success revived interest in abolishing or modifying the Electoral College in order to eliminate or reduce his influence, it is doubtful that a constitutional amendment could be ratified in time to affect the next election. Hence Nixon will again have to put up with pressure on his right.

Many factors will determine how Nixon responds to that pressure over the next two years. The consensus in Wash-



MURPHY



WALLACE



UNRUH

Tilt to starboard.

ington now is that the Southern strategy—more accurately the Middle American melody long played by Nixon—will continue pretty much unchanged. The Upper South and the Border states will still be winnable by the President. The approaches he has taken on race and law-and-order remain as relevant in Southern California and South Dakota as in South Carolina. Both philosophically and politically, Nixon will find it impossible to move right of Wallace or left of the national Democrats. Therefore he is expected to cling to his rather conservative concept of the center.

Dubious Victory. One state that Nixon and the country will be watching closely for guidance is California, where last week's primary set up clear-cut liberal-conservative contests. Republican Governor Ronald Reagan was unopposed for renomination. He will now face Jess Unruh, a liberal Democrat who easily defeated Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, a maverick and a hawkish conservative. In the Senate races two challengers on the left were defeated when Republican Incumbent George Murphy and Democratic Congressman John Tunney won nomination.

Actor-turned-Politician George Murphy, 67, had an unorthodox opponent Norton Simon, a 63-year-old multimillionaire (Hunt Foods, Canada Dry, McCall Corp.). He jumped in hours before the filing deadline after failing to persuade HEW Secretary Robert Finch to take Murphy on. A pensive and quixotic man, Simon came across poorly in public but spent more than \$1.5 million of his own on a well-executed TV, radio and newspaper advertising campaign. He took 33% of the vote in losing. "The reason I went in was not impulsive," Simon told Time afterward. "It was frustration with a lot of problems—the economy, the university and, perhaps most of all, youth. We have a helluva problem with the young people; the problem is the old people. In other words, how do you get the Establishment working again? Winning was the last thing I expected. I wanted to raise some questions, and I wanted to open some lines of communication to the young people. It was worth every penny."

Both Tunney and his principal opponent, Congressman George Brown, vehemently opposed the war (see box opposite page). But Brown hit that issue from the beginning and won the active aid of antiwar student volunteers. How much they helped or hurt is uncertain. College-age campaign workers were more successful in a Democratic House primary in the Oakland-Berkeley area, where they worked for Ronald Dellums, a black member of Berkeley's city council. But Jeffery Cohelan, the incumbent whom Dellums beat, is himself an antiwar liberal, making the victory a dubious one for the campus activists.

Princeton's Movement for a New

continued on page 16

TIME JUNE 15, 1970

The Great Tunney-Brown Fight

From Los Angeles **TIM BUREAU**
*Chief Don Neff gives this impressionist
 account of the California Democratic
 senatorial primary campaign and John
 Tunney's triumph*

TLETH That's what you remember about John Tunney. He smiles—big white, healthy sparkling molars and incisors and canines. Surely they glow in the dark. Then comes that boyish face, blond hair and blue eyes, and the big frame, well over 6 feet, lanky with a little pot pulling up from too many gravied luncheons and dinners. But mainly he is arms and legs that might suddenly come unstirring one minute and collapse like an unravelable pretzel. With your eyes closed, the voice might be a Kennedy's—any of them: John or Robert or Edward.

He seemed a shoo-in for the nomination. Then along came George Brown '50, a four-term Congressman from Los Angeles, a dropout who had dropped in, strictly a modern man. Like his mentor Eugene McCarthy, Brown is so relaxed that at times it is hard to tell whether he is utterly exhausted or just doesn't give a damn. "I have no charisma," he grouches. Yet he does, despite all that nonchalance. Heavy sideburns halfway down his face, a budding's calm chin that gives him a self-mollient look, virile, thick, dark eyebrows and steady dark eyes, a calm voice—is there restrained passion underneath, or despair? So like McCarthy, to the kids he says the right things, he sounds straight, no shucking here, no bull.

With little money and an organization to match, a voting record so far to the left that he might have been from Outer Mongolia—in the whole House of Representatives he cast the only vote in 1966 and 1967 against military appropriations and was against Viet Nam right from the beginning—George Brown in that calm, methodical, don't-give-a-damn, tell-it-like-it-is way of his, hardly seemed a threat. He was safe for a fifth term in Congress, so why throw it all up to gamble for the Senate? "I wanted to carry the ball against Viet Nam. Anyway, I wasn't all that crazy about my old job."

He carried the ball, and he went a lot farther than anyone ever expected back in the winter days, when golden and loathly John Tunney seemed to have the sun to himself. After all, Big John's picture had been all over the newspapers, blood running from his nose and gasping for breath after driving 175 feet into the polluted Santa Barbara Channel to inspect the oil damage. Hey, the kids will dig that. How could he lose?

And there came Old George—a little chubby, a toneless voice, but those steady eyes, that sense of hidden pow-

er. Was there something here after all? Each day he hit the "senseless slaughter" in Viet Nam, with the accent on senseless, and he talked about the global impersonality of government and bureaucracy and political parties.

Those teeth and that lanky Viking countenance weren't enough. On the stump the son of the onetime heavy-weight champion of the world, Gen. Tunney, came across wooden, a fugitive from a high school rhetoric class, arms shooting out stiffly, phrases as self-conscious as the morning after. Keeping his eye on November, not wanting to alienate anyone, Tunney tried to keep it moderate, walk that middle line. Only that's where the ennu was.

Brown stuck to the war, like some Chinese water torturer, coming back again and then again to the death tolls, the

The campaign got dirty. Tunney accused Brown of falsely advocating violence. He said that Brown was too liberal, some kind of kook who had no business cying one of those plush, prestigious hundred seats majestically fanned out under the Capitol dome. And Brown got mad too. He lashed out at Tunney, saying that he was "acting like a poor little rich boy." And then this enigma, this seemingly phlegmatic, hard man who barely gave a damn, melted and publicly apologized. "I shouldn't have said it," moaned Brown.

With Brown joined on the war issue, Tunney, too, joined the chorus, amplifying his earlier antiwar stand, making it the main theme of his home-stretch spiel. "Why do I want to be a United States Senator?" intoned one



TUNNEY & WIFE

waste, the askew priorities that favor death to life. "Let us make this election a referendum on the Viet Nam War," he said. "If Richard Nixon understands nothing else, he understands politics—he understands how to count votes." The Cambodian venture and Kent State came along and played a gh into his strategy, falling in line so neatly that a Faust might have bargained his soul for them. As the campaign hit the homestretch and the kids flocked to Brown's camp, out ringing do-it-yourself mailing flyers, answering phones—they couldn't do enough—Tunney worried, and for the first time Brown seemed to be for real. By mid-May Brown was three points ahead in the public opinion polls. Brown could win—if. No one knew just what it took, but there was no question that Tunney had to do something. He did, all right.

of Tunney's final-days TV spots. "Because I want to help end the senseless killing in Southeast Asia." Most of Tunney's money went into TV, it seemed, because in the last few weeks he was all over the tube. It was enough to swing it, and though Tunney still seemed stiff and ill at ease up there before crowds, he looked good and he sounded right and, hell, he's not a bad guy. You could figure him. But Brown? No.

Still, it was close enough that the vote took all night and it wasn't until late the next morning that Tunney wrapped it up for sure. George Brown held a post mortem press conference and somebody asked him what he would do after his term in Congress is over. A shrug, a lift of the eyebrows: "I haven't thought about that." Fifty years old, out of a job—and he shrugs. That's George Brown.

Congress has been active in a number of primaries, with mixed results. Lewis Kaden, one of the more promising candidates backed by antiwar collegians, was easily beaten in a New Jersey congressional primary by a routine organization candidate who did little campaigning. However, the antiwar students did not begin serious organizational work until this spring and still have much to learn. Says Princeton Political Science Professor Henry Bienen: "We're after more nuts and bolts now, and getting more professional advice off the campus." Among the advisers are aides to New York Mayor John Lindsay.

The Party's Own. Kaden's defeat was not typical of New Jersey's results. Democratic Senator Harrison Williams, who also had help from the MNC, easily

ALABAMA How George Did It

A narrow loss is always tough to take, but after their losing battle against George Wallace, the defeated campaigners for Alabama Governor Albert Brewer had more than ordinary cause for bitterness. "This state has not matured as much as I thought it had; we've got a hate state," complained George Bailey, one of Brewer's top aides. "This was the dirtiest campaign I've ever observed," said Brewer. "If it takes that to be Governor, then I'll pass it up."

It was a dirty campaign, as Wallace successfully resorted to a racist theme and pandered to white fears and hatreds in winning the Democratic primary runoff, thus assuring his election

Democratic primary for Governor in 1966. More than half a million voters refused to go along with George this time, although possibly half of those were blacks. In one black precinct in Jefferson County, Brewer's margin was 2,149 to 245; in a Montgomery precinct, it was 2,829 to 227. The Governor's other strength came mainly from affluent suburbs and middle- and upper-class white neighborhoods of large cities, where the new, enlightened Alabama is taking shape. The decisive vote turned out to be that of the blue-collar workers, who responded heavily to Wallace's populism and racism.

Brewer, a calm, effective but unexciting Governor, must bear some of the blame for his loss. After shocking Wallace by topping him in the seven-man Democratic primary last month, Brewer campaigned for the runoff in such a low-keyed manner that Wallace grabbed all of the attention. A racial moderate—from the Southern viewpoint—Brewer had no desire to embrace the black vote openly or to engage in racial arguments with Wallace. His strategy was a lofty "Mr. Clean" approach that even ruled out attacks on the previous Wallace administrations. "You can't fight Wallace with one hand tied behind your back," complained one Brewer aide of this tactic. But Brewer countered that any attempt to respond to Wallace's kind of campaign "would only create deeper chasms and accentuate the divisiveness" in the state.

Good Grief. Brewer was content to argue that Wallace would be only a part-time Governor while seeking the presidency. He promised to cut auto-license fees from \$13 to \$3 and to remove the state sales tax from drugs and medicines, calling them "a tax on pain and misery." His ads sometimes replied to Wallace attacks with such opening lines as "Good grief, Mr. Wallace," which sounds sissified in Alabama. His toughest stand was to charge indirectly that a Wallace administration might become a corrupt one, telling voters that "political hacks are trying to defeat me because they want to get back into your pockets."

But there was no way for Brewer to outpromise Wallace, who embraced the Brewer pledges and also proposed, among other things, to lower automobile-insurance rates, reduce the cost of gas, telephones and electricity, erect new medical schools and build four-lane highways in rural areas. He even implied that he would eliminate the sales tax on food, which would cost the state about \$55 million in annual revenue.

When the results were in at his election-night headquarters, Wallace was his cocky old self as raucous rebel yells greeted his joyful summation: "Alabama still keeps her place in the sun, and Alabama will continue to be heard from." Translated, he meant that George Corley Wallace still enjoys political fair weather and expects to be anew the irrepressible voice of Alabama.



BREWER



SIMON

Dignify in defeat

won renomination against a law-and-order candidate put up by the Hudson County machine, an organization that never got word about the demise of Tammany-style politics. On the Republican side, Nelson Gross, former state party chairman and a progressive who has moved away from the Administration on the war issue, handily defeated two lesser-known opponents to his right. In New Mexico, the circumstances were dissimilar. Governor David Cargo, one of the few Republicans ever to hold high office in that state, went after the Senate nomination. His opponent was Anderson Carter, a staunch conservative ideologically much closer than Cargo to the state party's heart. Carter won by 2 to 1. Discussing the New Mexico results, G.O.P. National Chairman Rogers Morton observed: "I guess you would have to say that the party takes care of its own." That judgment could stand for the rest of the week's balloting as well.

In November. He repeatedly raised the specter of a "bloc vote" that would "control politics in Alabama for the next 50 years" if he lost. When his audience seemed less sophisticated, George spelled it out: "the black bloc vote." His newspaper ads bluntly urged whites to "vote for your own kind." Vicious rumors also were spread—apparently without Wallace's approval and certainly without any foundation—about the sex lives of Brewer, his wife and two daughters. Mrs. Brewer broke into tears in a Montgomery department store after hearing some of the stories.

"Mr. Clean" Strategy. While the election outcome did little to help Alabama's image, blanket denunciations of the state's voters are unfair. Wallace got only 51.5% of the total. His margin was a mere 32,000 votes out of the 1,074,000 cast—a comedown from the 72,000 votes by which he won a similar runoff in 1962 and the 247,000 by which his late wife Iurleen won the

Black Power at the Dixie Polls

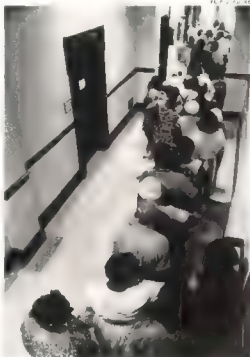
ON the surface, one interpretation of George Wallace's victory in Alabama is that it proves that the black vote is still ineffectual in the South. Yet few astute Southern politicians would be willing to gamble their own careers on that proposition. In Alabama last week, the black vote was so strong that the most skilled racial demagogue of the day had to pluck all of his fear-strumming oratorical strings to overcome it. And he succeeded by only a narrow margin. What the election really proved was that blacks alone control no state but that even when facing a Wallace, they now constitute a factor that must be carefully calculated in most Southern elections.

This is true because blacks have been registering to vote in impressive numbers for the past five years. The starting point: passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, following the police attacks upon Martin Luther King Jr.'s Selma-to-Montgomery marches and the assassination of Civil Rights Worker Viola Liuzzo. Much of the excitement and publicity of those early voting drives is gone, but the campaign has continued—quietly, tediously, but effectively, and with considerable agony for blacks threatened with loss of jobs or welfare benefits if they sign up to vote. In the past four years, 510 separate voter-registration campaigns, costing \$2,000 each, have been conducted among blacks in the eleven Southern states. They contributed to the addition of 1,740,000 blacks to the voting rolls. More significantly, while only one-third of all voting-age blacks were registered in the seven states covered by the Voting Rights Act in 1965, nearly 60% are now enrolled. White registration has also increased by about 1,000,000 voters, while the percentage of eligible whites registered has climbed from 73% to 84%. Out of the nearly 20 million registered voters in all Southern states, only 3,250,000 are black, but their concentration in some areas and their tendency to vote as a bloc give them an expanding political leverage.

No Pickup Trucks. The key to black progress in voting was the elimination of literacy tests, poll taxes and the erratic working hours of local registrars—all designed to turn away blacks and all banned or discouraged by the Voting Rights Act. Federal registrars have stepped into about 60 counties to enforce fair procedures. These and

other counties in the seven states cannot change their registration regulations without federal approval. Yet it still requires many hours of door-to-door canvassing, personal persuasion and offers of transportation to break down the non-voting tradition of Southern blacks.

In Alabama's Greene County, for example, blacks now outregister whites by 2 to 1, and drives are still being conducted to sign up more. The county has been carved into precincts and sub-precincts, with cochairmen in each to set up committees on transportation,



BLACKS REGISTERING IN SELMA, ALA.

The excitement is gone, but the tedious work goes on.

baby-sitting, telephoning and finances. Car pools are organized to drive rural residents to the registrar's office. Blacks, well aware of their political image, shun pickup trucks for such duty. "That looks like you're hauling 'em in like cattle," explains the Rev. William McKinley Branch, the county's black voting chairman. Volunteer housewives in Kinston, N.C., decided the house-to-house approach was too slow. They invaded poolrooms and grocery stores in black neighborhoods, stopped pedestrians on sidewalks—and managed in one two-week period to coax 850 blacks off the streets to register.

This kind of black power has enabled blacks to break the white stranglehold on local communities where whites are in the minority. The population of Greene County was 81% black in 1965, but only 452 blacks—less than 11% of the county's voting-

age Negroes—were registered. Now there are 4,000 blacks registered, enough to put them in command of the local elections next November. The veteran white sheriff, Bill Lee, is so worried that he has publicly embraced S.C.L.C. President Ralph Abernathy and posed for pictures with S.C.L.C. Leader Hosea Williams, who showed him how to give the "soul power" clenched-fist salute. The sheriff needs, he says, "about 1,000 nigger votes" to win. In Tuskegee, Ala., blacks now control elections, and white politicians are asking blacks to work with, rather than against them. "Until blacks got the majority vote, there were perhaps only three whites in this whole town calling for cooperation," scoffs the black vice-mayor, Frank Toland.

Watchdog Onus. In some larger cities, blacks now have the power to turn an election their way by voting as a bloc, much as have labor unions, ethnic groups and businessmen. No one knows that better than Atlanta Mayor Sam Massell, who was elected with more than 90% of the black vote last fall—fully half of his overall total. Much of the rest of his support came from labor unions, attracted by the promises of economic progress held out by the liberal Massell. In New Orleans last April, Mayor Moon Landrieu was elected on a similar black-labor-liberal coalition, picking up fully 92% of the black vote in the Democratic primary and 99% in the general election.

The black vote is, of course, diluted on state and district levels, although it is becoming increasingly significant. Its importance is certain to grow so long as the voting laws remain fair. That hinges on the fate of the Voting Rights Act, which is now before Congress.

President Nixon, in an effort to take the watchdog onus off the South, proposed to make the act apply equally to all 50 states, and to eliminate the requirement that local procedures cannot be changed without the approval of the Justice Department or a federal court. This would seriously dilute the act's effectiveness in the South. Overworked Government attorneys would have to detect any discriminatory changes in the maze of local laws and bring action in each such case. The Senate voted instead to make the law applicable nationwide but to retain the federal supervisory powers of the act. It also added an amendment lowering the voting age in all elections to 18. Last week the House Rules Committee decided that the House must either approve or kill the entire package. How Congressmen will react to that combination is much in doubt. But it seems wholly unnecessary that expanded voting rights for many long disenfranchised blacks should suddenly be jeopardized by a move, however worthy, to provide a similar gain for the nation's young.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Neutralist's Equilibrium

For two years, the traditionally friendly relations between the U.S. and Sweden have been deteriorating into irritation and sporadic anger, mainly because of the Swedish government's demonstrative opposition to America's involvement in Indochina. Sweden has welcomed more than 400 U.S. military deserters, was the first Western nation to give the Hanoi government full diplomatic recognition and is planning to offer North Viet Nam \$30 million in postwar aid. In recent weeks, Swedish demonstrators have hurled eggs and epithets at the new U.S. Ambassador, Jerome Holland, a black educator who heard himself jeered as a "nigger" when he stepped off the plane in Stockholm.

Such episodes hardly smoothed the way for Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme's unofficial visit to the U.S. last week. Palme, 43, an abrasively expressive Social Democrat, has been one of his nation's strongest critics of U.S. war policies. Advance word that Palme would be as outspoken in the U.S. as he is at home only increased the Ad-



PALME & ROGERS

Standing up for an honest opinion.

ministration's annoyance. Both sides tacitly agreed to forgo the customary White House courtesy call.

Yet after a 3½-hour luncheon with Secretary of State William Rogers, Palme seemed inclined to be conciliatory. In a National Press Club speech, the Swede temperately defended his policy of "active neutrality." Asked Palme "Don't we want people to stand up for

their honest opinions when they do not coincide with ours?"

Lunatic Fringe. Without withdrawing any of his opposition to the war, Palme emphasized Sweden's humanitarian motives in offering aid to North Viet Nam—and offered similar help to rebuild South Viet Nam after the war. He expressed his "tremendous sympathy" for the American prisoners in the North and promised to "pay special attention to the fate of the prisoners." As for the attacks on Ambassador Holland, Palme called them the work of "a lunatic fringe—scoundrels who damage the reputation of Sweden."

Next day at Ohio's Kenyon College, where he was graduated in 1948, Palme pleaded for a politics of moderation. "Political action," he said, "must start in the daily lives of the people." As Palme spoke at an alumni reunion, about 80 longshoremen from Cleveland and Toledo chorused, "Go home, go home!"

At least the first part of Palme's eight-day visit has begun to take the chill off U.S.-Swedish relations. This week, as if to maintain the equilibrium of his nation's neutrality, Palme will be off again, for an unofficial sojourn in Moscow.

Voice of Reason: Call to the Center

Twenty years ago, her target was a single Senator, Joseph R. McCarthy, who sat smirking behind her as she spoke. Without once mentioning his name, she charged him with debasing the Senate to the level of a forum of hate and character assassination. That junior Senator from Wisconsin is long gone, and the years have had their effect on the senior Senator from Maine. Now 72, Margaret Chase Smith travels the Senate corridors on a motorized golf cart, or she uses a walking cane. But she remains among the most thoughtful and respected members of the Senate her rose in place, her bearing erect, her hair lustrously silver. Last week, precisely two decades to the day of her anti-McCarthy speech, she stood in the Senate chamber, again making an eloquent and pointed appeal to the forces of moderation. Excerpt.

TODAY I am not proud of the way in which our national television networks and campuses have been made publicity platforms for irresponsible sensationalism. Nor am I proud of the counter-attacks against the networks and the campuses that has gone beyond bounds of reasonableness and propriety, and has fanned, instead of drenching, the fires of division.

I have admired much of the candid and justified defense of our Government in reply to the news media and the militant dissenters. But some of the defense has been too extreme and unfair and too repetitive. Today I speak be-

cause of what I consider to be the great threat from the radical left that advocates and practices violence and defiance of the law. This presents us with the ultimate result of repressive reaction from the political right.

The President denies that we are in a revolution. But there are many who would disagree with him, although anarchy may seem nearer to many of us than it really is. The antidemocratic arrogance and nihilism from the political extreme left is an extremism that has spawned a polarization of our people and is increasingly forcing upon the people the narrow choice between anarchy and repression.

And make no mistake about it, if that narrow choice has to be made, the



American people, even if with reluctance and misgiving, will choose repression. An overwhelming majority of Americans believe that.

Trespass is trespass—whether on the campus or off.

Violence is violence—whether on the campus or off.

Arson is arson—whether on the campus or off.

Killing is killing—whether on the campus or off.

The campus cannot degenerate into a privileged sanctuary for obscenity, trespass, violence, arson and killing with special immunity for participants in such acts. Criminal acts, active or by negligence, cannot be condoned or excused because of panic, whether the offender be a policeman, a national guardsman, a student, or one of us in this legislative body. Repression is preferable to anarchy to most Americans.

It is time that the great center of our people, those who reject the violence and unreasonableness of both the extreme right and the extreme left, searched their consciences, mustered their moral and physical courage, shed their intimidated silence and declared their consciences.

It is time that with dignity, firmness and friendliness, they reason with, rather than capitulate to, the extremists on both sides—at all levels—and caution that their patience ends at the border of violence and anarchy that threatens our American democracy.

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Instead, at each wheel, is a rubber cone filled with a mixture of water and antifreeze.

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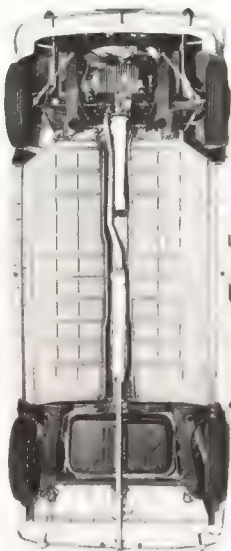
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ADDONIZIO



GIBSON

Double Jeopardy in Newark

NEWARK'S Mayor Hugh J. Addonizio faces two juries that could wind up depriving him of both his job and his freedom. He went on trial for his freedom last week in federal court in Trenton, where he is accused of extortion and conspiracy. On June 16, he goes on trial before the voters of his disintegrating and racially embittered city in a runoff election. If he loses, Newark will have its first black mayor, the third in a major Northern city.

The voters may speak first, but the jurors could speak more harshly. Addonizio has figured prominently in the transcripts of bugged Mafia conversations; the talkative and perhaps misleadingly boastful mobsters discussed him and other prominent politicians as so many common stocks to be bought, held and discarded (TIME, Jan. 19). As the trial of Addonizio and seven others, including reputed mafioso Anthony (Tony Boy) Boiardo, began, the Government argued that there was more than bragadocio connecting the mayor and the mob. Addonizio, the Government said, had left a safe congressional seat to make "a million dollars" as mayor and then set about doing it by getting the mob to force city contract kickbacks into a secret bank account. That, replied the indignant mayor, was "the most fantastic story" and a case of "political persecution."

"Nigger Lover" Three weeks before his trial began, Addonizio, a Democrat, ran a poor second in a field of seven contenders for the mayoralty, for which candidates campaign without party endorsement. The front runner, whom he must overtake in the final vote next week, is a 38-year-old black city engineer named Kenneth Gibson, an independent. In the first-round voting, Gibson's total was

double that of Addonizio, but he fell short of a majority. In the unstable world of Newark politics, the key figures may be the first-round totals: 48,874 for the four white candidates, 40,043 for the three blacks. Blacks constitute at least 52% of the city's population and 40% of the electorate. Gibson got and probably can hold 85% of the black vote; his job is to lure a relative handful of white votes across the racial wall. It will not be easy. One eliminated white candidate who declared for Gibson was spat upon at a rally and called a "nigger lover." Now, off-duty black policemen voluntarily accompany Gibson to provide physical security as he campaigns.

Gibson himself mentions race only defensively, protesting his opponent's scare tactics; needing white votes, he emphasizes instead the city's sagging "quality of life" and refers to Addonizio's indictment often enough to keep the issue alive and damaging. His two principal aides, one an editor of a research service, the other a 21-year-old Princeton University senior, are white. Half his estimated \$100,000 campaign fund comes from Newark's white business establishment, and so does the rented air-conditioned Lincoln Continental in which he campaigns. The business community's support of Gibson represents a reversal. Five years ago, the same men feuded Addonizio and the rest of his administration at a special luncheon. And Gibson has been getting some volunteer help from members of the staff of New York Mayor John Lindsay. "I'm a civil engineer, an expert in building and rebuilding," Gibson says. "I will make my appointments solely on one issue—not race but quality." Gibson, a calm thorough if not charismatic campaigner,

gets clear approval as he moves through the black ward where he lives with a

Hey, brother, what's happening?" But one measure of Gibson's problem on the white hustings is the sentiment represented by the supporters of Anthony Imperiale, a white militant who came to prominence at the head of a vigilante group after the 1967 riot. Defeated in the first-round voting, Imperiale told his supporters to "vote as you please," then referred to "raping and looting." The message was needlessly clear. One Imperiale aide, Pat Serra, said: "We'll never let a nigger get elected."

A Brother. Addonizio, a seven-term member of Congress and mayor since 1962, has built a reputation of being liberal on racial matters. In this election he has decorated the city with bland "Peace and Progress" posters, but in his speeches he has turned more and more to race. Relaxed and genial as always in private conversation, he commutes from his trial to tell campaign audiences that Gibson is "part of a raw and violent conspiracy to turn this city over to LeRoi Jones and his extremist followers." Black Militant Jones, whose violence-filled plays and poems frighten many whites, is a childhood friend of Gibson's, was an early political supporter and still remains a political ally, though he stays strategically in the background.

Like Addonizio, the voters make clear that race is for many the principal issue. Says Jean Damasio, a white housewife: "It's a battle for survival." Adds Helen Reichenbacher, the wife of a city policeman: "I've got a \$35,000 house. If we get a black mayor, it isn't worth a quarter." Addonizio's trial? "I've everyone's corrupt in a job like that," says the policeman's wife. On the other side, Housewife Jennie Smith says: "I'm voting for Gibson because he's black and we've got to support our own." Factory Worker James Simpson puts the same idea more succinctly: "He's a brother, man."

The other main issue is, as Gibson says, the quality of life in Newark, and it is a serious question whether any mayor can help. The city's establishment in its own campaign to shore up an image, stresses the construction of public and private housing, office buildings and educational facilities. But the overwhelming fact of Newark's life, as of so many cities, is the accelerating downward slide. One of three houses is substandard. More than 15% of the population receive some sort of public assistance. Crime rates are among the nation's highest. Burned out and abandoned buildings stare from the ghetto in memoriam to the devastation of the 1967 riot. The mayoralty is thus a doubtful honor. If Hugh Addonizio wins it while he sits in a courtroom, he will match the record of Boston's classic rogue, James Michael Curley, who also won re-election as mayor while under criminal indictment.

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Benson & Hedges 100's
The cigarette that
made extra puffs popular.
REGULAR OR MENTHOL

The \$100 Million Skyjack

"I'm going to settle the tax case today," Arthur Gates Barkley told his wife Sue before leaving their modest home in northeast Phoenix, Ariz. The case concerned \$471.78 owed to the Government in back taxes. A small amount, perhaps to argue all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, but Barkley, an unemployed truck driver, had done just that—and lost. At the airport he gave his wife a long, lingering kiss, then boarded TWA Flight 486 for Washington, a trip he had made several times before in seeking redress of his grievances.

Flight 486 was airborne only half an hour when Barkley entered the cockpit carrying a gun, a razor, and a can of what the crew took to be gasoline. He ordered Captain Dale C. Hupe to go directly to Washington, bypassing a scheduled stop at St. Louis. The pilot, unaware ahead of time of the hijacking. Then came what was perhaps the most spectacular message in aviation history. Barkley was demanding that the U.S. Supreme Court have \$100 million in small bills delivered to the plane upon landing. Less than four hours later Flight 486 touched down at Dulles International Airport.

Wading in Money. TWA was waiting with a considerably lower amount: \$100,750 in cash (all that two nearby banks could give TWA) in a canvas bag. Captain Billy Williams, 46, TWA's senior international pilot, carried the money onto the plane. Williams, the hero of last October's epic California-to-Italy skyjacking, had once again volunteered to fly a hijacker abroad if necessary, since neither of the 727's two pilots was internationally qualified. A professional through and through,

Williams is noted for keeping cool under pressure. Says TWA Captain Richard Hastings, who flew copilot on last fall's Roman odyssey: "During the whole trip to Rome he didn't show any emotion. He's a pilot's pilot who knows his job." Once in the cockpit, he tried to calm Barkley but, said Williams, "He was very much upset when he opened the bag and saw it wasn't \$100 million. The money was all over the cockpit floor—he was wading in it. It was like a carpet." Thoroughly angered, Barkley ordered the aircraft back into the sky.

High and Low. Oddly enough, many of the 51 passengers did not realize that they were being hijacked until they were airborne a second time. Stewardesses had explained the St. Louis fly-over as being due to bad weather. Once the word got around, however, an almost party-like atmosphere prevailed. Jokes were made about "Havana to night" or "maybe Montreal," and drinks flowed readily. But up front the crew's mood was grim; they were convinced of Barkley's intent to kill himself and all those aboard.

Back in the air, he had begun acting even more irrational. Several times he had told the men in the cockpit: "When you go, you shouldn't go alone. You should take as many people and as much money as possible. Never go alone." When Williams asked if he could doff his jacket, Barkley replied, "Sure, might as well go down in comfort." Still aching for his \$100 million, however, he gave ground authorities one more chance to raise the cash, which was to be in 100 sacks full of bills of not less than \$100 denominations placed along the runway at Dulles. Then he ordered the airplane to return to Dulles.

On the ground, TWA and FAA officials had reached the same conclusion as did the 727's crew about Barkley's murderous intent. Convinced that this was no hijacker to be humored, TWA President Forwood C. Wiser Jr. spoke with Dulles Airport Manager Dan Mahaney and ordered: "Don't let that plane get off the ground again. Stop them." Said FAA Administrator John Shaffer: "It was our moment of truth. I guess we had been talking about it so long by then that we decided to do what we did."

Officials at Dulles lined mail sacks filled with newspapers along the runway. When the 727 landed, two airport police shot out the tires. Unaware of what had happened, Barkley ordered Williams and the flight engineer back in the cabin to open the door in preparation for picking up the money sacks. But the passengers had decided to desert the craft and were already pouring out of the emergency exits. Williams went to one of the exits, where Mahaney tossed him a .38 police special. He walked back up the aisle fully intending to shoot Barkley as the only



SKYJACKER ARTHUR BARKLEY
The \$471.78 mattered a great deal.

way to save the crew. But before he could act, FBI men were on the plane.

Seeing them coming, Barkley opened fire. "The FBI men shot back. 'I saw his gun go off, and we jumped him immediately,'" said Copilot Donald Salmanson. "Captain Hupe hit him low and I hit him high." In the scuffle, Hupe was hit in the abdomen by a bullet before Barkley was disarmed by the pilots with the aid of the FBI. Removed to a hospital, Hupe underwent successful abdominal surgery.

Runaround. What caused Barkley, a family man with two sons, to go berserk? According to his wife, Barkley's life began turning sour in 1963, when he lost his job as a driver-salesman with Continental Baking Co. William McCord, the bakery supervisor, said Barkley was dismissed "for failure to perform his work properly," but others saw a fistfight with a competitor was the reason. Four years later, the Internal Revenue Service further added to Barkley's woes by suing him for \$471 in back income taxes plus a penalty. He took the case to the Court of Appeals and lost, then prepared and filed his own blockbuster—a \$100 million suit against IRS. Last year, after months in the courts, the Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal. "They gave him a runaround," his wife said. "They wouldn't even listen to him. He did it [the hijacking] to draw attention to his cause. They are letting us sit here and starve to death." Two late-model Cadillacs, however, registered to the Barkleys, were parked outside the house even as she was speaking.



TWA'S WILLIAMS
A hero twice over.

THE WORLD

Infernal Thunder Over Peru

This year, as always, the world's attention has been focused more often on the catastrophes wrought by man than on those caused by nature. It may be that because wars are man made and therefore avoidable, they are more horrifying than erupting mountains and flooding rivers, over which man has virtually no control. Yet this year natural disasters have claimed far more lives than the fighting in Indochina and the Middle East. As many as 200 Europeans perished in avalanches; 1,100 Turks in an earthquake along the Anatolian Fault; 800 Indians in a searing heat wave; 200 Rumanians in the worst floods in the country's history.

Last week an event took place that far overshadows any of these disasters and in fact any in the past several decades. In his 1927 novel, The Bridge of San Luis Rey, Thornton Wilder wrote: "Those catastrophes which lawyers shockingly call the 'acts of God' were more than usually frequent. Tidal waves were continually washing away cities; earthquakes arrived every week and towers fell upon good men and women all the time." He was writing of Peru.

ON a warm afternoon last week as the citizens of Lima talked excitedly about the opening of the World Cup soccer tournament in Mexico City, an all-too-familiar convulsion shook the city, accompanied by what sounded like the muffled beat of a million drums. The early news seemed reassuring. In all of Lima, only three persons had died, two of heart attacks, and only a few old houses had been toppled. As the hours wore on, however, alarming reports began to arrive from the northern departments. The seaport of Chimbote lay in ruins. The departmental capital of Huarás was practically destroyed. The beautiful resort city of Yungay, at the foot of towering Mount Huascarán, all but disappeared, like a modern Pompeii, beneath a layer of mud. When the government distributed an aerial photograph of the morass, the picture had to be labeled "Aquí estuvo Yungay"—Yungay was here. From the air, nothing was visible but the tops of four palm trees that had stood in the main square, the Plaza de Armas, and a white statue of Jesus in the cemetery.

Gradually, the full horror dawned on Peruvians. "Our losses," commented one newspaper, "will be greater than if we had lost a war." Indeed, officials speculated that by the time the last body is laid in a shallow grave and the last missing Indian villager is counted, the death toll might reach 50,000. If so, it will have been the deadliest earthquake in

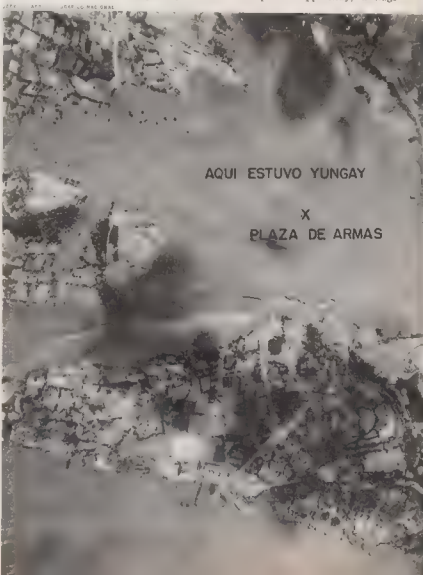
the recorded history of Latin America.

The Andean republics are a storm center of seismic shocks set off by the depth and turbulence of the Peru-Chile Trench in the Pacific, just off the coast. The Andes are under tremendous geologic pressure from both west and east, causing them to rise ever higher above the ocean floor, some day, aeons hence, they may be the highest mountains on earth. Peru itself lies within the "circle of fire," a ring of volcanoes and seismic fault lines encircling the Pacific from New Zealand up through Japan and the Aleutians and down the western rim of the Americas. Because of its precarious perch, Peru suffers an average of eight major earthquakes—and countless minor ones—every century.

According to the oft-repeated Andean scenario of disaster, an earthquake jars

loose a gigantic slice of glacier and rock from a jagged peak. The massive landslide tumbles into a lake beneath the summit, breaking its natural moraine dam. This, in turn, sets loose what the Peruvian peasants refer to with dread as a *huayco*—a wall of water, rock and mud that can bury entire villages in the valleys below. In 1797 a *huayco* killed 41,000 Ecuadorians and Peruvians, in 1939 another took the lives of 40,000 Chileans.

The epicenter of last week's earthquake was located in the Pacific 42 miles west of Chimbote. But most deaths were caused by a *huayco* that emanated from the northern peak of the twin-pronged Huascarán in a spur of the Andes called the Cordillera Blanca, the highest mountain range in the Western Hemisphere. Apparently, a huge



AERIAL VIEW OF YUNGAY

chunk of the mountain fell into chill Lake Yangwuno and sent an immense slide thundering toward Yungay.

Over a battery-powered radio, a journalist named Lamberio Guzman sent a horrifying report from Yungay: "Out of 41,000 only 3,000 have survived—those of us who reached the higher areas before the *huayco* hit us. We had been terrified by the quake, and most of us were praying in the streets amid the wreckage of our city when we heard the infernal thunder of the *huayco* coming down from Huascarán. For God's sake, send us help. We have no medicine, no food. We have sent some men to one of the lakes for water; we are praying that they return today. All night the women have cried and prayed, some men were cursing, raising their fists to heaven."

That gesture was strikingly reminiscent of the angry words that Voltaire hurled at God—and at those of his fellow philosophers who endorsed the notion "Whatever is, is right"—in the wake of the disastrous temblor that leveled much of Portugal's capital in 1755, killing as many as 40,000. In his



GAPING FISSURE IN ROAD TO SEAPORT OF CASMA



SURVIVORS BOARDING SHIP BELOW



INJURED ARRIVING BY TRUCK AT CHIMBOTE

CHILD'S CRIB DANGLING FROM CHIMBOTE HOUSE



Poem on the Lisbon Earthquake, Voltaire wrote

Say, when you hear their piteous, half-formed cries
Or from their ashes see the smoke arise
Say, will you then eternal laws maintain,
Which God to cruelties like these constrain?

Boiling Sea. From Huarás (pop. 93,000), a survivor reported another scene of chaos: "Bodies of victims are being buried in trenches—not in coffins, for none can be obtained, but wrapped in blankets, and many children in old newspapers. Survivors wander around in a daze, like sleepwalkers, looking for food and water. Many children were choked to death by the dust that hung over the city. All we have is thirst, hunger, the stench of dead bodies and despair."

At Chimbote, Peru's second largest seaport, 80% of the buildings were destroyed. "People ran into houses to save somebody," said one eyewitness, "and many of these people were killed. I could see the sea from where I stood, and it seemed to be boiling."

Hundreds of survivors were rescued and flown to Lima for treatment. But in the Andean foothills, thousands of others, despairing of early rescue, were trying to make their way by foot toward the coast. Some were already looking ahead. "We will have to rebuild it again," said a native of the village of Ranbarica, which was destroyed by a lesser earthquake in 1962 and rebuilt with government aid. "But maybe not in the same place. Every huayco that drops into our valley from the Cordillera Blanca passes through our village."

The day after the quake, President Velasco sailed into Chimbote aboard the navy cruiser *Coronel Bolognesi* to survey the destruction. Velasco, an army general who seized power in 1968, and had just begun to check inflation and whittle down the budget deficit when the disaster struck, ordered \$16 million set aside for relief and reconstruction. A dozen other countries rushed aid—including the U.S., which sent the helicopter carrier *Guam*, despite Washington's displeasure with Velasco for his seizure of a U.S.-owned oil company. It will take vast sums to repair the effects of a catastrophe that has left 800,000 homeless in a nation of 13 million. Said one official, who estimated the losses at \$250 million: "It will probably take us ten to 15 years to repair the damage."

Indochina: More and More Fighters

FOR years, it was the place where fighting was off limits, a sort of combat-free Camelot with mangoes. The Communists, secure in their sanctuaries near the South Vietnamese border, were happy to limit themselves to resting and resupplying there. The allies, fearful of violating its avowed neutrality, kept out almost entirely. But Indochina's Camelot has now become a free-fire zone, and almost everyone with a stake in the out-

dence and lowering the decibels of protest against the Cambodian foray. Nevertheless, throughout Cambodia the fighting was intensifying and the list of fighters was still growing.

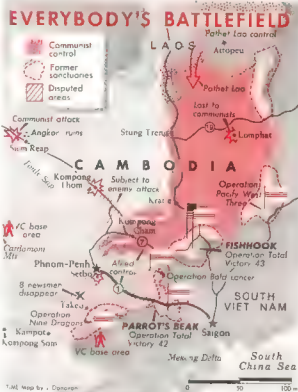
The anti-Communist regime of Premier Lon Nol announced that it had invited Thailand to send several thousand troops to help defend it against attack from the increasingly wide-ranging Communist troops South Viet Nam, be-

sides moving ARVN regulars into Cambodia to clean out the sanctuaries, has ordered all available troops from its own Khmer minority to take up the defense of their ancestral home, and about 2,000 are in Cambodia now.

North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops, retreating westward from their occupied sanctuaries, struck targets over a wide area of Cambodia. One force blew up a bridge and entered the city of Kompong Thom, capital of the province just north of the capital province of Kandal. Another overran the river town of Setbo, a mere ten miles from Phnom Penh, and held it for two days before being driven back by two hastily summoned and ill-equipped battalions of Cambodian soldiers. The Vietnamese Communist forces in Cambodia were reinforced by relatively small numbers of Cambodian Communist troops (the Khmer Rouge) and reportedly by some units of Pathet Lao, a native Communist force in Laos. There were even rumors, discounted by most Western experts, that some Chinese Communist soldiers had joined the fray.

By far the most dramatic turn in the fighting occurred in the northern provincial capital of Siem Reap, only 21 miles from the fabled temple ruins at Angkor. At midweek, following reports of Communist movement in the area, the hastily fortified Siem Reap airport was shut down only twelve hours after the last plane load of tourists had lifted off. The Communists attacked the airport, the most modern in Cambodia, and then the city.

With the help of emergency reinforcements, the Cambodian army repelled both attacks. At week's end the Communists were reported withdrawing toward the centuries-old ruins. Fearful of battle damage to the remains of the storied Khmer empire, one of the world's most treasured antiquities, the Cambodian government ruled out either a defense of the monuments or an attack if they were taken. One



come of the war seems to be sending troops or advisers into Cambodia.

Ancestral Home President Nixon, to be sure, maintained last week that the five-week-old allied drive into the Communist sanctuaries has been "the most successful operation of this long and difficult war." On the home front, he partly succeeded in reassuring his au-



South Vietnamese troops of Task Force 225 blast paddy-field bunker dug by Communists in an enemy sanctuary near Chi Phou

Under fire, South Vietnamese soldiers carry the body of a comrade out of combat area. He was apparently struck by ARVN automatic fire.

Members of Task Force 225 dig out the body of a Viet Cong from his ground bunker near Chi Phou in Cambodia's Parrot's Beak sanctuary





Viet Cong squad leader who surrendered is blindfolded en route to ARVN base camp.



After capture of Tonle Bet, a Khmer mercenary from South Viet Nam frolics with guitar.

Fighting in his ancestral land, a Khmer mercenary evacuates Tonle Bet resident.



Preparing to attack dug-in Viet Cong troops near Chi Phou, South Vietnamese troops form a skirmish line in a paddy

rumor had it that the deposed chief of state, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, might try to move his exile government to Siem Reap. Most observers figured, however, that the Communists picked the temple area as a target to embarrass Lon Nol's government and would not try to hold it.

In addition to their random attacks, the Communists have succeeded in the vital strategic step of establishing a water-borne infiltration route into territory adjacent to South Viet Nam. Now it runs along the Se Kong in southern Laos (called the Tonle Kong when it enters Cambodia), continues via the Mekong to the town of Kratie in east-central Cambodia, and leads into the northern provinces of III Corps in South Viet Nam. Allied military analysts remain convinced, however, that the new route could not possibly support all the Communist troops in Cambodia and South Viet Nam. Nonetheless, their method of milling around has thrown Cambodia into near desperation.

Secret Visits It was obviously in the hope of obtaining some relief that the Lon Nol regime issued its plea to Thailand. Bangkok agreed to supply up to 20,000 troops plus a naval flotilla and aerial reconnaissance planes. The troops, described as volunteers, will all be members of Thailand's 300,000-member Khmer ethnic minority, presumably to avoid rekindling the deep historical animosities between Thais and Cambodians. There is speculation that the Thai troops, who will probably not arrive for several weeks, will be deployed principally around population centers and along the western border.

Cambodia's other new-found ally, South Viet Nam, has moved more quickly—some diplomats fear too quickly—to bolster Cambodia's anti-Communist regime. Last week, after a series of secret visits to Phnom-Penh to coordinate military planning, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky paid the first official visit by a South Vietnamese government leader to the capital since the two nations broke relations in 1963. Dressed with his usual flamboyance in an olive-green Nehru suit, Ky and his striking wife Mai emerged smiling from a special DC-6 airliner at the capital's Po-chenlong airport.

Major Beachhead. Ky was seeking guarantees of safety for the 400,000 or so Vietnamese civilians who remain in Cambodia; 70,000 have already fled from a wave of ethnic persecution, and Saigon is worried that it cannot continue to absorb so many refugees. Ky was also anxious to put the finishing touches on a pending bilateral military pact, which will probably allow the South Vietnamese to maintain a major beachhead at Cambodia's vital Neak Long ferry crossing on the Mekong River beyond the June 30 deadline for U.S. departure. Also under discussion is a plan that would allow the Vietnamese to strike inside a 30-mile "corridor of operations" in Cambodia without

notifying the Phnom-Penh government.

The ultimate plans of Cambodia's two larger neighbors are still far from clear, and history is anything but an encouraging guide. Says one diplomat, "Before the French came to Cambodia her neighbors were devouring her—Viet Nam on the east, Thailand on the west. There is no reason to believe that the historical processes that the French interrupted in 1863 will not be permitted to continue." North Viet Nam, after all, already has all but planted its flag in the northeast.

First Drill. No one's plans—including some of Washington's—were made much clearer by President Nixon's "interim report" over television last week on



KY & LON NOL IN PHNOM-PENH
Someone to lean on.

the border ventures. While the President promised that air support would end with the withdrawal of U.S. troops, he said that American "air missions to interdict the movement of enemy troops" would continue "where I find that is necessary." That hedge leaves considerable room for prolonging U.S. involvement in Cambodia. He also declined to be specific about South Viet Nam's withdrawal schedule. Saigon's operations in Cambodia, he said, "will be determined by the level of enemy activity."

Communist attacks on points increasingly close to the capital forced Phnom-Penh to institute a series of wartime austerity measures. Residents of the capital last week held their first civil defense drill amid the wail of sirens and the roar of low-flying aircraft. The government has instituted martial law, decreeing execution for anyone who advocates defection and life imprisonment for deserters. Moreover, the army has been expanded to about 150,000 men—a fourfold increase since March. Its quality is something else. By putting so many untrained, poorly armed men in uniform, said a diplomat sympathetic to the regime, "the Cambodians are only adding on more rooms to a condemned house." Plainly, Phnom-Penh is going to be leaning on its newfound friends for some time to come.

Respite in the South, Pressure in the North

As long as the Communists enjoyed full use of their Cambodian sanctuaries, they were able to keep persistent pressure on the entire lower half of South Viet Nam. To be sure, North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces remain a menace in the two southern military regions. But there is growing evidence that the area from the Camau Peninsula in the southern tip of the country to the first slopes of the Central Highlands has begun to benefit from the allies' sanctuary-scouring raids.

Rocket and mortar attacks have become almost a rarity. In the Mekong Delta (IV Corps), enemy gunners during the month of May loosed not a single round of 122-mm. rocket fire (v. 25 rounds normally) and only two rounds of 107-mm. rockets (v. an average of nearly 100). Says one U.S. officer: "I don't know whether the enemy is short of ammunition, but he certainly seems to be firing less of it."

Nationwide, the number of contacts between small allied and Communist units had fallen nearly 16% by the end of May, four weeks after the forays into Cambodia began. In part, that is because the monsoons are beginning. But there is also reason to believe that the Communists are being forced to revise their entire strategy for conducting the war. "Captured documents say that they now realize they must move all their stuff from the North down through Laos and what a big job that will be," says a U.S. officer. "With the rainy season coming on, they are going to have a helluva time sustaining themselves in the lower half of South Viet Nam."

Problem Areas. The job is less complicated in the two northern corps areas, which are still vulnerable to attack from Communist-held sanctuaries in north-eastern Cambodia and southern Laos. In recent weeks, groups of North Vietnamese regulars have raided the picturesque lake-side resort of Dalat in the Central Highlands three times. Their most recent attacks were aimed at the airport, the National Military Academy and a government-owned villa where Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky frequently vacations. After killing at least 17 South Vietnamese, the Communists holed up in three Roman Catholic institutions and pinned down government forces from sharpshooter vantage points for most of a day before slipping away early last week. Though U.S. advisers were infuriated by the escape, it appears that the South Vietnamese let the Communists get away rather than risk destroying the town. Nonetheless, the attack was the most successful ground assault on a major city in two years. President Nguyen Van Thieu was sufficiently angered to order the immediate firing of the responsible province chief, Colonel Lo Cong Danh (whose name means "the road to glory").

The Communists struck an even more

serious blow at an isolated ARVN artillery base named Tun Tavern, on a mountain ridge 21 miles south of the demilitarized zone. North Vietnamese regulars, who apparently entered through Laos, overran the outpost, killing 50 and wounding 119. The South Vietnamese, with the help of U.S. advisers, recaptured the base, but the attack underscored the blunt admission of a U.S. officer. "I Corps and II Corps are our problem areas now." In I Corps, the number of small-unit contacts in recent weeks has averaged more than the total in all the other military regions combined.

Even if fighting does suddenly flare in the north, however, a prolonged respite in the more populous south would be a major step in containing the war. Reportedly, Thieu wants to withdraw a sizable number of his forces from Cambodia—though not all—by June 30 because he is preparing an accelerated pacification program for the south. Among its main objectives is the destruction of the North Vietnamese regiments now operating in the Mekong Delta—and Thieu knows that he will need as many troops as possible for that difficult task.

NORTH KOREA

Specter of Pueblo

Over and over, North Korea's propaganda organs trumpeted the news. A "heavily armed" American espionage ship, escorted by jet fighters and warships, had been sunk in the Yellow Sea. "Officers and men of the Korean Peoples' Army," said one report, "instantly sent to the bottom of the sea the enemy's armed spy ship, which intruded deep into the coastal waters." Scare headlines sprouted around the world, stirring memories of the North Korean capture of the U.S. electronic intelligence ship *Pueblo* in January, 1968. Had a similar incident taken place?

Evidently not. In Seoul, South Korea's Defense Ministry reported that one of its patrol vessels had been captured, not sunk, at roughly the point cited by North Korea. The Seoul vessel had been on picket duty, assigned to warn South Korean fishermen when they strayed too close to Communist waters. A slow, unwieldy tub, armed only with a single .50-cal. machine gun, it would have been no match for its speedy, heavily armed North Korean captors. In Washington, the U.S. Navy flatly denied that any U.S. ships had been operating in the area.

The incident seemed to be simply another chapter in the continuing struggle between the two Koreas. So far this year, South Korea has sunk two North Korean patrol boats, and it is possible that the latest episode was simply retaliation by North Korea's Premier Kim Il Sung. Although there was some initial suspicion that Washington and Seoul might be collaborating on a cover story to obscure an espionage exploit, high-ranking sources insistently denied it.

Israel's Growing Gloom

In the tense days before the Six-Day War erupted, the 2,700,000 people of Israel were concerned but confident. When the war ended with a swift and resounding victory, their morale soared. But last week, on the third anniversary of the war, their mood was souring into one of gloom and uncertainty, and they were beginning to wonder whether they had really won a war, or merely the opening skirmish of a war. Frontier terrorism, constant clashes on the Suez Canal and anxiety about Soviet intentions have created a profound political and psychological malaise.

Events surrounding the anniversary week only deepened the gloom. In two skillful ambushes along the canal, 120 Egyptian commandos killed 13 Israeli

to," said Yitzhak Carmel, a farmer on a settlement near Jordan. "Now it often seems to be the place you live in." At the Maoz Chaim kibbutz, 150 children have been sleeping underground for two years. Many of the shelters have become elaborate installations, complete with lights, water, chemical toilets and good ventilation.

No Choice. If the shelters speak eloquently of a protracted war of stalemate, so do the politicians. On a hill in Jerusalem, Premier Golda Meir spoke last week at ceremonies dedicating olive trees to each of 181 soldiers killed during the 1967 battle that wrested old Jerusalem from Jordan. "We have already paid the highest price there is for peace," she said, but she offered lit-



KIBBUTZ CHILDREN IN SHELTER



ISRAELI SOLDIER ON LEBANESE BORDER
Places to live in.

soldiers. It was scant comfort that Israeli jets replied with six days of intensive bombing, including one 14-hour dawn-to-dusk raid, or that they shot down three Egyptian planes to bring their kills since 1967 to 101 (11 losses of nine). Near the Jordan border, Arab guerrillas fired Soviet-supplied, 220-mm. Katyusha rockets into the dusty town of Beisan on three occasions, killing three ten-year-old girls and wounding 36 people, mostly children. For the first time since 1948, rockets fell on Tiberias, a resort on the Sea of Galilee, killing two and wounding four.

The mounting casualties have had a stunning effect on Israel, which considers itself a big family and mourns every loss. Last month the losses were the highest for any month since 1967—43 soldiers and 18 civilians killed and 105 soldiers and 31 civilians wounded. In the kibbutzim along the northern and eastern borders, Israelis spend more and more time underground. "A couple of years ago, a shelter was where you ran

the hope that real peace might be in reach.

Once again Mrs. Meir was giving voice to the feeling of *ein breira*—no other choice. None, that is, but to fight and bleed. Most of her countrymen echo that attitude. A minority, but an influential and articulate minority, increasingly wonders whether Mrs. Meir and her Cabinet are being intransigent, particularly on the issue of the territories won from Egypt, Jordan and Syria. Perhaps the most savage criticism came in the form of a satirical revue called *Queen of the Bathub*, which included a skit in which Mrs. Meir muses to herself about how she is always right. The production, which closed after 20 performances in Tel Aviv because of picketing by veterans' groups, heckling and government pressure, offered another sketch that had Defense Minister Moshe Dayan telling soldiers: "I am a man of my word. If I promise you blood and tears, you shall have blood and tears." Dayan, who saw the play, called it "toi-

let humor" and added: "The Egyptians would have loved it."

Despite the stress of unending war, Israel's economy is buoyant, though the peak of the country's boom has passed. Television sales were off one-third in the first quarter of 1970, but that might have been because the market was nearly saturated, with 250,000 sets in Israeli homes. Auto sales are currently down one-third, but there was a buying spree late last year in anticipation of new taxes. Higher income taxes and increased compulsory savings have reduced buying power by more than one-quarter this year and have caused some grumbling, but most Israelis grudgingly acknowledge the need for sizable taxes if the nation is to buy weapons.

Ready to Go Up. The place where the Israeli government is most anxious to spend its tax revenue, of course, is

cision will be growing pressure from Congress. Last week 85 Representatives petitioned him to grant Israel's request for the planes. In addition, 76 Senators spanning the ideological spectrum from Barry Goldwater to George McGovern, urged Secretary of State Rogers to sell Israel the planes and pressed for a meeting with him for "a full exchange of views" on the subject. The Senators said that the Middle East situation was "deteriorating," and they pointed out that the earlier U.S. decision not to sell planes to Israel "has failed to induce the Soviet Union to exercise reciprocal restraint with respect to the arming of the United Arab Republic and the other Arab states."

Some of the senatorial hawks for Israel are doves on Viet Nam, but they maintain that there is no inconsistency in their position. They argue that Israel would be purchasing planes while South Viet Nam expects U.S. jets gratis, that Israel is a democracy while South Viet Nam is a military regime; that no American lives are involved in the Middle East, and that the Russian menace there is the most direct faced by the U.S. since the Cuban missile crisis. Some of these distinctions are obviously shaky, and double hawks among the signers question the rationale for the argument. "The reason for the disparity," says Goldwater acidly, "may be that I don't know of one single South Vietnamese voter in this country."

Straight Talk. While Israel fretted over Nixon's failure to act, the Arabs, buoyed by the Russian presence, marked the third anniversary of the war as though they had won it. Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser observed the occasion with prayers for the dead at Cairo's Sayida Zaynab mosque. The fedayeen, who have been more active on three of Israel's four borders since the war than the Arab armies, announced formation of a unified command under Al-Fatah Leader Yasser Arafat to coordinate all guerrilla activities against Israel.

Taking note of the increased Arab cockiness, Israel's Army Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev indulged in some straight talk in an anniversary interview. "Our policy is no longer based on retaliation," he told military correspondents, "but on continuous military activity, countering war with war." He did not fore see all-out war in the future, he said "but if there are drastic actions we are ready." He noted, for example, that "theoretically, the Egyptians could get a plane or two through to Tel Aviv." But added Bar-Lev without a trace of a smile, "their problem would be what would happen afterward." Clearly, despite their growing gloom over Russia's part in the hostility, Israelis are confident that they can still handle the Egyptians. The Egyptian air force, goes a current joke in Israel, never leaves the ground until the Israeli radio, reporting a raid, announces that "all our planes returned safely."

BRITAIN

Doffing the Cloth Cap

Prime Minister Harold Wilson had just finished talking about how the rest of the world envied the British "for our tolerance, for our individual liberty, for our stability" when—*splat!*—a young Conservative hit him with an egg. At other rallies, the Prime Minister caught a soft-boiled egg on his shoulder and a hard-boiled egg on his ear and his wife Mary was hit by a bag of talcum powder. So it went, as Britain plunged into a three-week national election campaign.

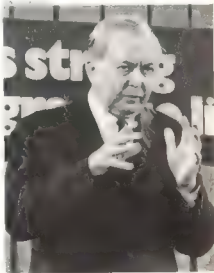
At least the egg throwers showed interest in the proceedings. Traditionally, Britons in June are preoccupied by far different concerns—horse racing at Ascot, the Derby at Epsom, lovemaking in Green Park, picnics on the moors



MOURNING MOTHER IN BEISAN
One big family

the U.S. Richard Nixon, who told visiting students at the White House last week that the Middle East is "ready to go up" again, is still pondering Israel's request for 25 Phantom jets and 100 Skyhawks to offset the Soviet MIGs and SA-3 missiles in Egypt. In March Nixon turned down such a request, but pressure is mounting for him to reply to the Russian challenge by reversing his decision. Two separate studies on the question are being conducted—one by the National Security Council staff and the other by a committee of Cabinet under secretaries chaired by White House National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger. The general feeling in Washington is that Israel will be getting some jets, but the main problem is in what manner and with what explanation. One highly placed State Department official suggested with a grin that the U.S. offer to replace Israeli planes lost in combat—based on Egypt's wildly inflated claims of jets shot down.

One factor in Nixon's eventual de-



CANDIDATE WILSON
Suddenly, splat!

and sunning at Brighton. This year, England's soccer team is defending its world championship in the tourney at Mexico City, and many voters seem far more interested in what happens there than in the June 18 vote. "I get the feeling," said a visitor, "that the two leading candidates are Bobby Moore and Nijinsky [England's soccer captain and the Epsom Derby winner, respectively]."

Perhaps the single most stimulating parliamentary candidate is Actress Diane Hart, 43, an Independent, now under heavy attack for playing a brothel madam in the new film *Two Women*—and for wearing a see-through nightie in the role. Undoubtedly the most derivative candidate is one Edward James Robert Lambert Heath who used to be plain old James Robert Lambert, a 28-year-old schoolteacher. He changed his name by deed poll (a simple court procedure costing \$6) to aggravate Conservative Party Leader Edward ("Ted") Heath. Since both Edward Heaths are running in suburban London's Bexley

constituency, the voters may be confused. The original Edward Heath is not amused. In 1966 he won Bexley by a slim margin and if enough voters are befuddled by the prank, Ted could be in trouble. Even Wilson urged Lambert Heath to withdraw.

No Argy-Bargy. Wilson's Labor Party is running on its record over the past 51 years, chiefly on the economic successes that saw Britain's balance of payments go from chronic deficits to healthy surpluses and that brought wage increases to millions. Where the Tory campaign motto looks ahead to a BETTER TOMORROW, Labor's takes pride in past accomplishments as well: NOW BRITAIN'S STRONG—LET'S MAKE IT GREAT TO LIVE IN. While Tories stress the law-

back of the hall shouted, "They're all the same!" But there are sharp differences in party image.

The Tories, to many voters, remain the party of officers and gentlemen, of tweedy squires and hereditary lords, of big business and big industry, the beautiful people of the society pages and the consummate clubmen who, as an 18th century member of Boodle's put it, still like to sit behind the tall windows and "watch the damn'd people get wet." As one Tory said, "I accept that we draw most of our party from the 'haves'. But if we got rid of them, what would we replace them with? A lot of people in Britain prefer to be represented by a country squire." Small businessmen vote Tory. So does roughly one-third of the working class; political scientists describe it as part of the "doff-the-cap" syndrome, a hangover from the days when workmen were traditionally subservient.

Move to the Middle. Labor, with all its intellectuals and despite the cap-doffers, essentially remains the workingman's party, and some estimates say as many as 70% of British voters are of the working class. To many younger Britons, Labor seems more relevant to contemporary British society—particularly in view of the Tories' surprising ineptitude in areas where they should be expert, such as business management and the application of technology. It is with the young, moreover, that Labor's strength continues to grow. Labor, in fact, seems to be outbreeding the Tories. Labor voters tend to have more children. Last fall, Political Scientists David Butler of Oxford and Donald Stokes of Michigan published a statistics-crammed book arguing that a voter's decision is most influenced by how his parents voted. More older people vote Tory today, they contend, because their political attitudes were formed in the long-ago Conservative era. But these voters are dying out, and there is a growing corps of younger voters whose parents voted Labor in 1945, 1950 and again in 1951. A recent *Times* of London poll indicated that 58.3% of 18- and 19-year-olds prefer Labor. With 2,800,000 voters in the 18-to-21 range on the rolls for the first time, that could be a decisive factor.

Butler and Stokes underplay the fact that with growing social mobility, many will leave the working class, move to the suburbs and adopt middle-class Tory voting habits. No politician is more aware of this possibility than Wilson, who has sought with considerable success to shake Labor's cloth-cap image and move into the middle ground.

"Wilson's greatest achievement," says one Laborite, "has been to allay the suspicions about the party of those voters in the middle. Hitherto they had regarded Labor as too strident and shrill." Some critics complain Labor has all but abandoned its old idealism and has adopted a more conservative approach to government. As Labor M.P. Chris-

topher Mayhew writes in his book, *Party Games*: "The older and the younger generation of natural leftists have, in fact, lost hope in the Labor Party. The older generation feels that much of our purpose has been fulfilled; the younger generation feels that we are at best irrelevant and at worst indistinguishable from the despised Establishment."

State Crutches. Despite such criticism, Labor has charted a number of programs designed to change the quality of British life in the coming decade, particularly in education. The party has promised to build more elementary schools. At present, about 70% of British schoolchildren are denied, at the age of eleven, the chance for broader secondary-school or higher education. They



CANDIDATE HART
Sort of stimulating.

and-order theme, Laborites, convinced that the electorate is surfeited with crisis and contention, deliberately keep the party's themes low-key and low-decibel. "I don't think they want a lot of change and disturbance and argy-bargy," Wilson said as the campaign opened. "I think they want quiet, strong government."

Wilson himself is Labor's strongest asset. With his wit, unflappability and easy manner with voters in pubs as well as on podiums, the perpetually pipe-smoking Wilson, 54, stands in strong contrast to Heath, 53, a somewhat starchy bachelor with an uneven, often irritable manner. Opinion polls reflect Labor's edge. At week's end Labor led by as much as 5.5%, which would translate into about a 60-seat majority in the House of Commons.

All the Same. If that lead stands up, some political theorists argue that Labor will remain Britain's majority party for decades. It is not that there are vast policy differences with the Conservatives. During a Wilson speech in Cardiff last week, a voice from the



CANDIDATE HEATH
Somewhat starchy.

finish their schooling at 15. Labor intends to alleviate this problem. It also plans to move toward more regional autonomy, answering the growing distaste for centralized planning now cropping up in the provinces.

Labor naturally plans to take full credit for creating what has by now become an old stand-by—the welfare state. Most Britons, says a Labor strategist, are proud that if you break your leg, a state ambulance picks you up, takes you to a state hospital, where state doctors put a state cast on your leg, pay your hospital bills, and when it's all over, provide you with state crutches. "For the politicians, that sort of aid might come in very handy: at week's end young Tories increased their barages of eggs and tomatoes at Wilson to a point where his wife was forced to drop out of the campaigning to change her spattered clothes. 'I'm very glad you [Tories] are fighting this election on law and order,' gibed Wilson, 'because we have now seen what you mean by it.'"

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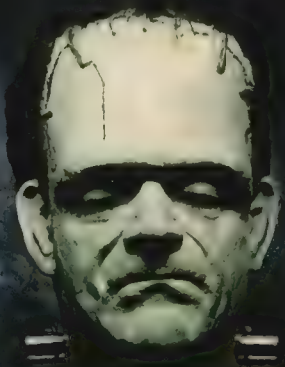
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WEST GERMANY Help for the Orphan Army

For most of the past decade, West Germany's Bundeswehr has been justly known as "the orphan army." Though its authorized strength of 460,000 makes it NATO's largest European land army, it has been plagued by poor pay, rundown garrisons, manpower shortages (the Bundeswehr is below strength by 2,600 officers and 25,000 noncoms) and inept civilian leadership. Reacting to the strident heel clicking of the Nazi era, the public held the military in low esteem—an attitude abetted by baggy, dull gray uniforms that made even generals look like sloppy bus drivers.

When Willy Brandt's traditionally antimilitary Social Democratic Party took the helm in Bonn last fall, the unhappy men of the Bundeswehr were certain that had would go to worse. They were concerned when Brandt chose as his Defense Minister Helmut Schmidt, then the party's Bundestag floor leader, who did not even want the job because it was regarded as a political graveyard. Concern turned to alarm when Schmidt created a McNamara-like think tank headed by Dr. Theo Sommer, 39, an intellectual and deputy editor of the highly regarded liberal weekly *Die Zeit*; to some military men, it was like turning John Kenneth Galbraith loose in the Pentagon. But the Bundeswehr has been pleasantly surprised, for Schmidt has brought to his job the same imagination and flair that Brandt has brought to the chancellorship. Most important, he actually seems to care about the orphans in his charge.

White Book. Schmidt quickly set Sommer's brain trust to work probing every facet of life in the Bundeswehr. He was particularly interested in improving morale. As Sommer put it: "The soldier limps and lags behind society. He is in a dismal state. Propping up the morale of the army is not so much a question of pay as of living conditions and schooling." Last week the results of Sommer's study, in the form of a 211-page White Book, were debated in the Bundestag. The report discusses everything from weapons development to whether recruits should be issued new or used underwear (new is recommended) and even takes a position on beards (O.K., as long as they fit under gas masks).

The White Book assumes that 1) the Bundeswehr budget will remain close to \$5.5 billion annually for several years, 2) troop strength will stay at the current 460,000 level, and 3) the draft will continue for the moment. From there, the report envisions far-reaching changes, all designed to boost morale.

► Immediate across-the-board promotions for 5,000 sergeants and 4,000 officers, coupled with pay hikes of up to 60% for all enlisted men.

► A massive building program at long-neglected Bundeswehr caserns including 27,000 new apartments that would give

every NCO his own room; new barracks, canteens, sport facilities and even saunas.

To pay for the program, which will cost an estimated \$176 million annually through 1973, the White Book proposes drastic cuts in the purchase of new tanks, aircraft and other advanced weapons. Says Schmidt: "What good are tanks and planes if we haven't solved the personnel problems?"

Ruggedly handsome and articulate Schmidt is regarded by some U.S. defense experts as the best West German Defense Minister since the war. "He hit the ground running," said a Pentagon official. Schmidt dashes about the

country in his air-force JetStar visiting Bundeswehr garrisons. Earlier this year he held press conference-like sessions with groups of soldiers and officers. Before the White Book was released, he spent 45 hours discussing it with top officers.

The upshot of Schmidt's efforts has been a notable boost in the morale of the baggy-pants army—an important step toward his long-range goal of creating an all-volunteer force. Not the least among his reforms is a remedy for the military's rumpled look. The army is now getting a new uniform with multicolored berets, slimmer jackets and wrinkle-resistant trousers.



KABOUTER FLUTIST MARCHING WITH SALVATION ARMY BANDSMEN

Pixie Power in Amsterdam

LIKE other Western capitals, Amsterdam has had its quota of student barricades, tear gas volleys and police baton charges. The youthful protesters, who used to be known as Provos (for provocateurs), rioted over almost everything from Crown Princess Beatrix's lavish wedding in 1966, when they tossed smoke bombs at the royal carriage, to the country's critical housing shortage. But new tactics were introduced early this year by the *Kabouters*, or Pixies, who decided that fun and games might be more effective than paving stones and smoke bombs.

Sporting pointed hats and led by ex-Provo Leader Roel van Duin, 27, a hoarded anarchist with a sense of humor, the Pixies established "people's departments" to handle a whole range of services. To protest air pollution, the Pixies' Environment Department stopped traffic by staging smiling street sit-ins—but only on Saturday afternoons when families go shopping in their cars. They introduced car-top flower boxes to beautify parking lots. Their Housing De-

partment seized empty buildings, scrubbed them clean and opened them to some of the city's 15,000 homeless. They organized an Old-Age Department offering lonely pensioners free services like shopping, painting or just chatting, no fewer than 350 old Amsterdamers called for help in a recent week. The Pixies frequently fight city hall—140 of them were arrested last month for refusing to clear out of an abandoned building—but they also joined it, in a way, by forming a political party.

Van Duin's motto of "Sweetness, Flowers and Understanding" coupled with good deeds apparently won over many Dutch voters who had been growing impatient with youthful protesters. In city council elections throughout The Netherlands last week, the Pixies won two seats in The Hague and one each in Alkmaar, Arnhem and Leiden. Their greatest victory was in Amsterdam, where the Pixies polled close to 38,000 votes, won five seats on the 45-seat council, and established themselves as the fourth biggest political party in the city.



SHABBY RESIDENTIAL STREET IN NAPLES
What happened to sea, sun and song?

ITALY Manning the Lifeboats

The founders of modern Italy established a strong central government 100 years ago to unify a collection of hopelessly disparate cities, petty principalities, provinces and kingdoms. Mussolini centralized further to solidify Fascist power, and since World War II the government has been unable to break the habit of taking everything upon itself. As a result, its power is so centralized that Rome rules on everything down to road repairs and hunting licenses, delegating authority through weak provincial governments and even providing funds for local government.

This kind of grip eventually strangles. Every expenditure must be approved by a national Court of Accounts, since proposals flood in at the rate of 25,000 daily, the court is irretrievably backlogged. Eight years ago, Parliament voted \$160 million to modernize Naples; only \$5,000,000 has actually been spent. Two years after Parliament voted \$656 million for 4,710 school buildings to ease an acute shortage of space, work had started on only 15 of them.

Until recently, Italians accepted this "dictatorship of the bureaucracy" with sad fatalism. Lately, however, unhappiness has changed to anger. Since last autumn, all sorts of groups—firemen and farmers, nurses and teachers—have gone on strike, as much in rage against the government as in quest of higher pay. Now, after 20 years of study and a year of parliamentary debate, Rome is finally responding. This week, in what may eventually be regarded as the most significant Italian election in two decades, 30 million Italian voters are choosing regional councils that will transfer considerable power from the capital to the countryside.

Red Belt. The regional bodies, with anywhere from 30 to 80 councilors, depending on population, are akin to England's county councils. They will plan and administer but not legislate. Eventually they will be responsible for such areas as public health, public works, forestry, mass transportation, water supply, welfare and local planning. But they may well find themselves running afoul of Rome quite often until the areas of authority are clearly worked out. Five such councils are already operating on the islands of Sicily and Sardinia and in the northern border regions of Valle d'Aosta, Trentino-Alto Adige and Friuli-Venezia Giulia, where the demand for local government has been particularly strident. In this week's elections members of similar councils are being selected in the 15 other principal regions of mainland Italy. Twelve of the 15 lean toward the Christian Democrats. In the others, Emilia-Romagna, Tuscany and Umbria, which constitute the Red Belt above Rome, Communists are expected to have the strongest voices in the new councils.

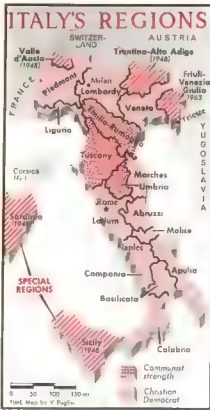
Each of the 15 regional governments

will confront vastly different problems. Lombardy, center of the bustling northern industrial belt, home of one-sixth of Italy's population and source of one-fourth of its gross national product, faces the side effects of prosperity: Congestion, pollution and uncontrolled industrial growth are growing concerns, especially around Milan. Some Milanese spend five hours a day merely getting to and from work; the regional council intends to make transportation one of its priority topics. Says Piero Bassetti, a 41-year-old textile millionaire and Milan's leading Christian Democrat: "The regions are a way of rebuilding the state from the ground up, while tinkering in Rome is like rebuilding from the roof down. The regions are the lifeboats for the sinking Italian state."

Despite the fact that the regional governments will have scant taxing authority, Bassetti contends that they can wield broad power. Lombardy's council, for instance, will be responsible for supervising "fairs and markets," Bassetti, who may well be named president of the council, intends to interpret that broadly and press for an overhaul of the Milan stock market.

Challenge from Below. Five hundred miles south of Lombardy, Campania's regional government will concentrate on the problems of an underdeveloped region. If Milan is the city of smog, skyscrapers and *soldi* (money), then Naples, Campania's capital, is supposed to be the city of sea, sun and song. In fact, Naples is fast becoming the Calcutta of Europe, where rats outnumber people 7,000,000 to 1,300,000, unemployment is about 20%, and the classic motto, "See Naples and Then Die," has been revised by pessimists to "See Naples Before It Dies." The bay, whose glories were once celebrated by tenors, has become a squalid swamp awash in oil, sewage and industrial wastes. The city will soon have an Alfa Romeo auto plant employing 15,000, but even when unemployment drops, Naples will still be plagued by slums, overcrowding, and a shocking infant mortality rate (52.3 per 1,000 births in Campania v. 29.1 in Lombardy). Economist Vittorio Casetta feels that the new council's most important function will be planning. Neapolitans know what their root problems are. Now, for the first time, says Casetta, "local planners will have some authority to implement their work."

Cynics insist that the regional councils are impractical. Some of Italy's parties have not fully endorsed the idea. One complaint of the program's critics not entirely baseless, is that regions will only add another layer of bureaucracy to the present layers of municipal, provincial and national government. But another reason for objecting could be that the councils pose a serious threat to central power. Many of the newly elected delegates are vigorous young activists who are likely to use their posts to challenge Rome's entrenched *pezzi grossi*—the political big shots.



MAURITIUS

Into the Vacuum

After he visited remote Mauritius in 1896, Mark Twain quoted an islander as saying, "Mauritius was made first and then heaven; and heaven was copied after Mauritius."

Two years ago, when the tiny (720 sq mi) Indian Ocean island won independence from Britain, one might have got the idea that it was serving as a model for a less elevated region. Ringed by silver sands and azure waters, dotted with scarlet flame trees and emerald sugar plantations, it was suffering nonetheless from economic stagnation, staggering unemployment and mounting racial tensions. At least 24 people died in savage riots just before the independence ceremonies, and Britain had to fly in troops from Singapore to restore order.

By last week, however, when India's

Now Soviet warships, in line with Moscow's interest in expanding Russia's naval presence, are frequent visitors. The U.S. has established an Apollo rescue and recovery station. Both Communist and Nationalist China have been working to gain a political foothold on the island. Britain, which wrested control of the island from France in 1810 still supports the price of sugar, which makes up 95% of its exports.

Racial Problem. At independence Mauritius seemed all too vulnerable to overtures from Moscow and Peking. The island's population is wildly mixed—421,390 Hindus, 227,129 Creoles descended from European plantation owners and imported African slaves, 133,441 Moslems, 25,067 Chinese and a handful of British and French. Most previous attempts to form parties that crossed communal lines had been ineffective. The tensions have now eased considerably, largely because fiery young

activities of the left-wing *Mouvement Militant Mauricien*, a Maoist group headed by Paul Béranger, 25, son of a well-to-do middle-class Franco-Mauritian family.

Periodically, rumors that the M.M.M. is receiving smuggled Red Chinese weapons sweep sleepy Port Louis, but so far nothing has been proved. Béranger, who holds a degree in philosophy from the University College of North Wales in Bangor and is a veteran of the Paris street riots of May 1968, openly admits that he wants to overthrow the present Mauritian government. The M.M.M. claims about 10,000 hard-core members, but its program has wide appeal to the island's young and unemployed, who still number 50,000.

Seeking to ease the island's difficulties, Mrs. Gandhi last week offered technical aid in improving the island's airport and expanding its agriculture. That should solidly anchor New Delhi's presence on Mauritius. With Britain committed to a military withdrawal east of Suez, which will turn the Indian Ocean into a 28-million-sq.-mi. power vacuum, other nations are soon likely to be seeking footholds for themselves.

ARGENTINA

Act of Revenge

"Human lives are the main thing. If there is a way to save them, it should be done, no matter what the cost." Thus wrote Argentina's onetime President (1955-58), retired Lieut. General Pedro Eugenio Aramburu, after the recent rash of political kidnappings that have shaken Latin America. Last week there were fears that the stern and uncompromising Aramburu, 68, had lost his own life to a band of terrorists.

After whisking Aramburu from his modest Buenos Aires apartment, the kidnapers advised the military government of Juan Carlos Onganía that a "revolutionary court" had decreed death for their captive. He was guilty, they claimed, of sending 27 Peronists before firing squads for having attempted a coup against his government in 1956. (In fact, Aramburu was on a back country trip at the time, his Vice President, Isaac F. Rojas, ordered the executions.)

The terrorists called themselves the "Juan José Valle Command," in memory of the Peronist general who led the abortive 1956 coup. But their actual identity and political orientation remained in doubt. Peronist leaders hotly denied involvement, and from his exile in Madrid, 74-year-old Juan Perón warned that the killing of Aramburu could plunge Argentina into civil war, which is exactly what the terrorists seemed to want. Taking advantage of the disorder, 6,000 workers in Córdoba seized eight automobile plants to dramatize their demands for higher wages. In Buenos Aires, Dictator Onganía dramatically reinstated the death penalty—banned since 1921—for kidnappers who kill or seriously wound their victims.



INDIRA & DIGNITARIES IN MAURITIUS
A regular port of call.

Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi, flew into Mauritius' tiny Plaisance Airport for an official five-day visit, the island was beginning to look more like the place that Mark Twain described. Indira's visit was a major event, not just because she was the first chief of state to pay a call since independence, but also because about 67% of Mauritius' 807,000 people are of Indian origin. So, for that matter, is only-poly Premier Sir Seewoosagur Ramgoolam.

Mrs. Gandhi's state visit pointed up the fact that Mauritius—situated some 2,400 miles south of the Indian subcontinent and 1,400 miles off the coast of East Africa—has become an object of interest to the great powers. The closing of the Suez Canal in 1967 forced merchant shipping back onto the round-Africa routes to Asia, turning Mauritius into a regular port of call.

Creole Leader Gaetan Duval agreed last February, after years of friction, to bring his followers into a coalition government with Premier Ramgoolam's party.

Increasingly, day-to-day leadership has fallen upon Duval, who is also Minister of External Affairs. A dynamic, innovative man who affects long hair and Carnaby Street clothes, Duval has come up with a series of plans aimed at alleviating the island's problems and ending its near-total dependence on sugar. He hopes to make the entire island a Hong Kong-style free zone, and to lure foreign capital with tax concessions and tax holidays. Duval hopes to develop tourism—and lovely, mountainous Mauritius, lined with coral reefs and frequently framed by giant rainbows, has much to offer.

Despite the improved political outlook, there is growing concern over the

PEOPLE

Winding up his visit to Russia, Astronaut Neil Armstrong delighted Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin with gifts from America—a small Russian flag that was carried on Apollo 11 and some chips of moon rock mounted in Lucite. Later, touring the Kremlin Armory museum with Cosmonaut Georgy Beregovoy, he joked that there had been no fair exchange. Beregovoy indicated the museum's display of czarist crown jewels. "Pick one," he said. Armstrong pointed, "Fine," said the Russian. "That will cost you \$300 million." Replied Armstrong: "I think I'll wait until they sell it at half price."

"It's embarrassing," admits Yippie Abbie Hoffman. "You try to overthrow the Government and end up on the best-seller list." Helped by the substantial sum of \$75,000 that his *Revolution for the Hell of It and Woodstock Nation* have netted him in royalties and film rights, Hoffman has been able to overcome his embarrassment enough to start two more books. When Publisher Bennett Cerf of Random House took a lady visitor to meet his son, Editor Christopher Cerf, he sauntered unannounced into Christopher's office to find Hoffman slouched shirtless at the desk, scribbling away "That's not my son!" exclaimed Cerf hastily. Said Hoffman, "Hi, Dad."

After her tax accountant, one Norman Egenberg, was indicted on charges of bribing IRS agents, the U.S. income tax records of Italian Diva Renata Tebaldi became public property. A deduction labeled "claque" in the 1964 and 1965 returns cast doubts on the spontaneity of some of the opera star's standing ovations. In fact, at \$2,400 and \$2,500 per annum, it seemed as if she had some pretty high-priced talent

in her rooting section. On the witness stand at Egenberg's trial, the imperious Tebaldi denied all: "I never paid a claque in my life."

Lili Smith, London's favorite dance-hall entertainer, is the seductive idol of the British soldiers on leave from World War I. Secretly, she is a German spy named Schmidt. She flirts across the movie screen in sheer tights and ruffles, a rose between her teeth, easily muskling her embittered spirit. The role seems precisely tailored for Dietrich. Instead it will be played by Mary Poppins, Julie Andrews has in fact gone the English dance-hall route before—and flopped miserably—in one of Hollywood's most expensive bombs



JULIE ANDREWS
Her name is Schmidt

a multimillion-dollar loser called *Star*. On looks, anyway, Darling Lili figures to do better.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller wouldn't think of accepting—not in such company—but he couldn't help laughing when he heard the proposition. His political rival, New York City Mayor John Lindsay, broke up a Manhattan luncheon for the Apollo 13 astronauts by suggesting that he and Rocky fly to the moon together. "The combined effect," said Lindsay, "ought to make millions of people very happy."

Since her husband David Harris was imprisoned for draft evasion and Folk Singer Joan Baez, she has made a career of all the causes—peace, civil rights, ecology. All, that is, except women's liberation. "I can't take



JOAN BAEZ & SON
Her arms are full.

it seriously," explained Joan. "I mean, if I'm carrying my guitar and my baby, and my husband's in jail, I'm not going to yell at some guy who holds the door open for me."

The British visitor to the White House was "shaken" to learn that her compatriots had burned the place down during the War of 1812. "I'd heard of 1812, but I thought it was an overture by Tchaikovsky," said Mrs. Edward Armitage, wife of Britain's Controller General of the Patent Office. Turning to Pat Nixon, she added, "I'm sorry they did it. It was nothing between you and me." Soothed Pat: "I know you wouldn't do it."

Bill Woestendiek, the newsman fired by Washington's WETA-TV because his wife was hired to slack for Marjorie Mitchell, has a new job as editor-publisher of the Colorado Springs *Sun*. Wife Kay will join him as women's editor, leaving Marjorie in the lurch. That will hardly bother the Woestendicks' new boss. Vegas-based Publisher Hank Greenspun. After Mrs. Mitchell's famous call asking the *Arkansas Gazette* to "crucify" Senator Fulbright for his Carswell vote, Greenspun wrote an editorial suggesting that she made the call after "toasting the ill health of every Communist-liberal Senator who voted against Carswell."

On the day that Leonard Bernstein conducted Beethoven's *Fidelio* in Vienna, a son was born to U.S. Soprano Olive Moorefield of Vienna's Volksoper and her husband, Dr. Kurt Vach. "Love and congratulations," Bernstein wired, "for Oliver Kurt Fidelio." The parents were delighted and added Fidelio to the boy's name. "Think of the poor baby's fate," mused an Austrian TV commentator, "if Lenny had conducted *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* that evening."



RENATA TEBALDI
Her fans are real.

**Ron Rico. Didn't he sweep
America's Skating Sweetheart
off her feet in "Fire on Ice"?**



**Figures prominently on ice. But Ronrico's a rum.
Deft, dry, popular partner. The smooth move for
112 years. Ask anyone who knows.**

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Ronrico. A rum to remember.

Back in Orbit

Although they have been lagging badly in the space race, the Russians have not lost their flair for the dramatic. Just as a major international space conference was winding up in Leningrad last week, and U.S. Moon Walker Neil Armstrong was inspecting the cosmonauts Star City compound outside Moscow, the Soviets launched a two-man spaceship, Soyuz 9, into orbit around the earth. On board were Vostok 1 Cosmonaut Andrian Nikolavev, 40—husband of the world's only spacewoman, Valentina Tereshkova—and Rookie Vitaly S. vastyanov, 35. They were the first Russians in space since last October's triple launch of manned Soviet spacecraft.

Last week's Soyuz shot was notable for one innovation. It was the first manned nighttime launch by either the Soviet Union or the U.S. The Russians also gave wide publicity to the shot, releasing films of Soyuz atop a Vostok rocket on its p.d. shortly before launch. One photograph showed three service towers retracted like the unfolded petals of a gigantic flower.

Tass soon announced that Soyuz 9 was a "solitary" flight, stifling rumors that there would be an attempt to link the craft with another to form a space station (one of the unattained goals of last fall's orbital troika). But in a *Pravda* article, the designer of Soyuz revealed that the flight would test systems "that will be used in future space ships and orbital stations."

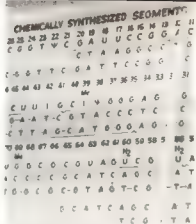
At week's end, the cosmonauts reported that they were feeling well, and Soyuz 9 seemed on the way toward breaking a Soviet record for the longest manned space flight: the 5-day orbital mission of Vostok 5 in 1963.

The Secrets of the Cell

No man-made piece of machinery is nearly so complex. Capable of countless chemical reactions, it can fend off attackers, reproduce itself and perform all the other activities that characterize life. In laboratories around the world, thousands of researchers are busily trying to understand—and in some cases duplicate—the cell's vital chemistry. Last week two teams of scientists made significant advances toward those goals.

Endless Variety. At the University of Wisconsin, a group headed by a distinguished Indian-born molecular biologist, Har Gobind Khorana, 47, reported that it had achieved the first artificial synthesis of a gene—the basic unit of heredity in the nuclei of all cells. Although genetic material has been made in the laboratory before, scientists have always had to use at least some natural cellular material in the process. The Wisconsin achievement marks the first time that a single gene has been created entirely out of off-the-shelf chemicals.

The task was formidable. Hidden in the chromosomes, genes are basically sections of an extremely complex molecule called deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). Twisted together like a spiral staircase, or double helix, the twin strands of the DNA molecule are linked by "steps" composed of pairs of mutually attracting chemicals, or bases, called nucleotides. DNA contains only four different kinds of nucleotides, but they can be arranged in an endless variety of complex sequences. Each complete sequence—some including thousands of steps on the molecular staircase—is a single gene containing a coded message of heredity. With that message, the gene can order the cell to

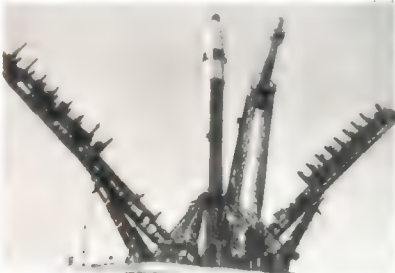


KHORANA EXPLAINING GENE'S COMPLEXITY
Five years for 77 steps

produce one of the untold number of proteins out of which all living organisms are made.

As his model, Khorana picked a relatively simple gene from the common yeast cell: its nucleotide sequence is only 77 steps long. But those 77 steps made the building process immensely complex. Adding one lab-made nucleotide at a time in complex chemical processes, Khorana's team patiently assembled small, single-stranded segments of the 77-step chain. After each step forward, the scientists had to backtrack, every new combination had to be unraveled in order to check that the nucleotides were still in the right sequence and had not been damaged by chemical side effects. When enough strands had been produced to make complementary pairs, Khorana lined them alongside each other to form segments of the full, double-stranded molecule. Finally, with the help of a newly discovered enzyme, or chemical catalyst, called DNA ligase, he succeeded in putting together the last large pieces of the puzzle. The full 77-nucleotide synthetic yeast gene had been five years in the making.

An ingratifyingly shy and modest man, Khorana emphasizes that his man-made gene is relatively crude. It lacks, for example, the coded signals that start and stop the production of protein. But his work has brought closer the day when art-



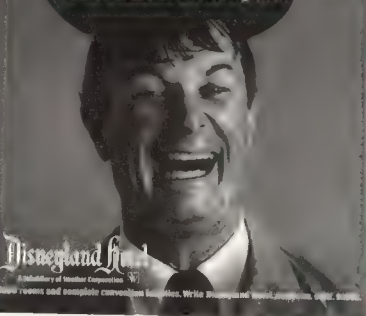
SOYUZ 9 ON THE LAUNCH PAD
In the wake of the troika



The Real Bermuda Trophy.

The fastest silver place awarded to the winner in the Newport-Bermuda sailing race is a great cup. But it's empty. Losers have often consoled themselves with flasks of Bermuda Royall Lyme. Full. No mere proud display, Royall Lyme refreshes face, body and spirit. Now available, duty paid, in the shops you'd expect. Next race: 1970. Don't wait for it.

Where do you think
the National Swimming Pool Institute
convention is this year?



tificially created genes may be used to replace defective ones in order to cure such genetic diseases as hemophilia and muscular dystrophy. Another possibility, Khorana concedes, is "the genetic planning of individuals—tailoring people to fit patterns, turning out athletes or intellectuals." But, he adds, "it is a very, very long time off."

Tiny Bubbles. The week's second major announcement came from two cell biologists at New York University. After five years of experimenting, Gerald Weissmann and Grazia Sessa disclosed that they had succeeded in trapping the cellular enzyme lysozyme in tiny microscopic bubbles of fatty substances called lipids. That might seem like a minor bit of work. But for the first time, scientists had synthesized a simple replica of a complete cellular component (the gene on the other hand, is only one small part of the nucleus). Their creation: a rudimentary lysosome, one of the vital structures in the cytoplasm surrounding the nucleus of a cell.

The lysosome's job is to defend the cell from hostile viruses, bacteria and other materials by engulfing the invaders and dissolving them with its enzymes. Sometimes it does its work too enthusiastically: it attacks part of the cell's own material and destroys it. Such an outburst, if it occurs in enough cells, can cause the inflammation that occurs in a disease like rheumatoid arthritis. Laboratory experiments with Weissmann and Sessa's creation may now help explain why the lysosome turns against its own cell and surrounding tissues, and could eventually lead to the prevention of crippling inflammatory diseases.

Sex and 5 O'Clock Shadow

The identity of the author of this communication has been suppressed for reasons which may be self-evident but the author, whose work has been vouched for by a colleague, has answered a number of questions raised by a referee.

With this sober explanation, the staid British science journal *Nature* published a paper by a Cambridge University scientist who has reached a remarkable conclusion: the rate of growth of the male's beard seems to be related to his sexual activity.

The anonymous scientist, who is a bachelor, had been living and working for weeks at a time on a remote island, no women were on hand to distract him. In these monastic circumstances, he soon noticed an intriguing phenomenon: his beard was growing less rapidly than normal. Furthermore, on the day before each of his periodic returns to the mainland and reunions with a receptive female (also unidentified), his facial hair began to sprout at a prodigious rate. The implications were staggering. Could the mere thought of sex simulate a darker 5 o'clock shadow?

Seeking the answer, the scientist set up an experiment in which he eagerly



BOGART & HEPBURN IN "AFRICAN QUEEN"
Sprouting at a prodigious rate.

served as a guinea pig. After each daily shave with an electric razor, he meticulously collected and weighed the amount of hair that had been removed. He also devised a zero-to-five scale for rating each day's activities—including mental and physical exertion, degree of nervousness, amount of sleep and occurrence of intercourse.

The results were as unmistakable as the fuzz on his face. By Friday, as the weekend intimacies approached, his beard growth had increased by nearly 20% over its midweek rate. But after his sexual needs were fulfilled hair growth abated. On Monday, in fact, his stubble was shorter than on any other day of the week.

The reason for this phenomenon is apparently rooted in hormonal activities. Facial hair, a secondary male sexual characteristic, is largely governed by production of male hormones called androgens. Indeed, one of these compounds—testosterone—is known to be secreted by the testicles in greater quantities during intercourse. The bachelor scientist's experiment suggests that there is a release of androgens even with the anticipation of sex. "Even the presence of particular female company in the absence of intercourse, after a period of separation, usually caused an obvious increase in beard growth." As a by-product of his research, the scientist also found that increased beard growth was associated with tension, mental fatigue, alcohol and increased shaving. On the other hand, it is apparently curtailed by heavy exercise and high temperatures.

Do the findings of the anonymous researcher have any scientific value? "It seems," he concludes in proper scientific jargon, "that beard growth in a man is a much-neglected parameter of hormone activity that can readily be quantified."

The 24 hour camera.



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This is the Kodak Instamatic Reflex camera—for "pictures unlimited," without complications.

It combines the best of everything. Big, bright reflex viewing and focusing. Automatic electronic shutter that times exposures from 1/500 up to 20 seconds. Lens interchange, for wide-angle telephoto. Flashcube, and electronic flash. Drop-in cartridge loading for color snapshots, color slides, black-and-whites. Everything, in fact, to make picture-taking fast, easy, and sure—any time, anywhere.

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EDUCATION

Commencement and Counter-Commencement

THE most remarkable aspect of this year's college commencements is that so many are actually coming off in the wake of Cambodia and Kent State, some observers predicted widespread commencement walkouts, to say nothing of possible riots. But in the past few weeks, students have channeled their anger and done on campus what they hope to do in politics: work within the system to bring about substantive change. On many campuses, student influence has produced unorthodox commencements—but commencements nonetheless. They have carried, for their participants, new and realistic symbolism, and in the main they have been orderly. A nationwide sampler:

Constructive Dissent. At Tufts University, the protest songs of Joan Baez and Phil Ochs filled the air as denim-shirted students passed out flowers and programs to 5,000 people at a Sunday afternoon "counter-commencement" (The formal degree-granting ceremony the day before had drawn only 25 of the 1,500 graduating seniors.) New York Congressman Allard Lowenstein, a leading Democratic dove, spoke on the need for constructive dissent. There was a contrapuntal reading of bland passages from the Tufts catalogue and the names of the six Tufts graduates who have died in Viet Nam. There were memorial services for both the war dead and those of Kent State and Jackson State.

At the University of Massachusetts, ceremonies were simple and somber. Said Senior Class President David Veale, "If the war continues, many of the men in this class will be forced to kill or be killed. A joyous commencement is inappropriate." MIT President Howard Johnson will not

give the traditional charge to the seniors because, as one official puts it, "the students don't want him to."

Seniors at Whittier College, Richard Nixon's alma mater, voted against presenting the traditional "monument" (among this year's rejected possibilities a new scoreboard for the stadium). Instead, \$2,000 will go to a fund for wounded Vietnamese children and the American Friends Service Committee. Berkeley students have helped set up separate ceremonies for the university's various departments and colleges. Social science graduates, for instance, will gather in a campus eucalyptus grove. Featured speakers, parents.

Not everyone is pleased with such goings-on. At American University, antiwar students wearing black robes and white masks with Oriental features unsettled the audience by wandering silently about, one of them solemnly shredding programs. Finally, a group of faculty and parents walked out when Guest Speaker Nicholas von Hoffman, inflammatory columnist of the *Washington Post*, launched a biting attack on President Nixon.

To be sure, commencement has remained pretty much the same at hundreds of colleges, especially in the Midwest and South. But few schools have remained altogether untouched by this spring's emotional climate: at many, caps and gowns are optional and even where they are required, there is often a scattering of white arm-bands of protest.

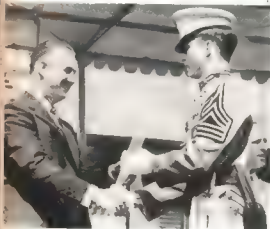
Student influence is visible in the choice of many commencement speakers as well as their topics. Among the prominent choices: Harvard antiwar biologist George Wald, anthropologist Margaret Mead, former Attorney General Ramsey



PEACE CAPS AT VASSAR
New and realistic symbolism.

Clark, Georgia Legislator Julian Bond, Radical Columnist I.F. Stone, and Senators Muskie and Kennedy. Most speakers have pointedly avoided the usual traces of condescension and easy platitudes. Subjects have ranged afield. Planned Parenthood Crusader Alan Guttmacher urged Smith graduates to practice fertility control; at Vassar, where most graduates' caps were bedecked with peace symbols, Writer Gloria Steinem spoke on Women's Liberation. But the dominant themes were war and the young.


Misfits and Charlatans. President John A. Logan of Virginia's Hollins College told his audience that "the peace movement is a serious and permanent phenomenon which runs broadly and deeply through the entire younger generation. It is not a small minority but an overwhelming number of college students who want an early end to the war." Said Columbia President Andrew W. Cordier: "We have never had a better generation of youth. They deserve more than our sympathy. They deserve



AGNEW AT WEST POINT

CORDIER AT COLUMBIA





1.
Winston tastes
good
like a
cigarette
should.


2.
You mean...
as a cigarette
should.

3.
What do
you want, good
grammar or
good taste?

4.
I wanted
a red
rowboat!



Winston may not say it right, but they sure know how to make it right with specially processed FILTER BLEND tobaccos



Almost announcing

Paul Masson's Blanc de Pinot, a quite exceptional step forward for American champagne.

It'll be ready this Fall, Mother Nature permitting.

She's on her own right now.

We've done all we can to put our latest champagne on the road to stardom. But while Mother is working her magic, all we can do is design the label.

Others may try to hurry her along. And, quite rightly, they charge less for the result.

We won't give her the slightest nudge.

So assuage your thirst for our Blanc de Pinot with Paul Masson's Brut or Extra Dry champagnes. They're the best you can buy.

Till Fall.



our identification." Former Chief Justice Earl Warren reminded his listeners at the University of Hawaii that there are 31 million Americans between the ages of 21 and 30: "Youth has the voting power to lead a crusade whenever it chooses to do so."

There was rhetoric on the other side as well. At West Point, Vice President Agnew growled about unspecified "criminal misfits" and "charlatans of peace"—two fresh phrases in his lengthening lexicon of epithets—before he exhorted the cadets to take up the challenge of a "lonely and difficult war." Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans had an equally appreciative audience when he told Merchant Marine Academy graduates that "the destroyers of today will not survive any more than the witch burners of Colonial New England or the book burners of Hitler's Germany." At the Air Force Academy, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird said that the Administration is determined to move "from an era of confrontation to an era of negotiation." US "ground combat involvement" in Vietnam, he added, will end "on a reasonable schedule."

Next: The High Schools. Various explanations have been advanced for the relative calm attending 1970's rites of spring. Some observers point out that the most militant campus types often tend to be underclassmen—not seniors suddenly faced with work or the draft. Says one Princetonian: "Many seniors are out working for peace candidates. Graduation to them is irrelevant." Yet the reverse is also true: this year many students have shown a particularly keen interest in commencement—as amended.

If the present high school crop is any indicator, it is unlikely that the new attitude will soon atrophy—just as many in the older generation will continue to oppose it. At Newton High School outside Boston, for instance, seniors ignored the protests of local veterans' groups and invited a radical antiwar graduation speaker, Professor Howard Zinn of Boston University. At Bellare High in Houston, U. of H. Professor James Clements attacked the Administration as "anti-intellectual and anti-youth." While dozens of parents hooted and booed, the graduates stood and applauded Clements' field is communications.

Kudos: Round 2



CHARLES GOODELL



WHITNEY YOUNG

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Edward Moore Kennedy, LL.D., Senator from Massachusetts
José Luis Sert, D.Hum., architect and urban planner

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY

Sol M. Linowitz, LL.D., attorney, former board chairman of Xerox Corp and ex-Ambassador to the OAS

COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY

Edmund S. Muskie, LL.D., Senator from Maine

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Arthur F. Burns, LL.D., chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System

John Hope Franklin, LL.D., professor of history at the University of Chicago
Jean Piaget, D.Sc., psychologist, Scientist, philosopher and teacher, you have profoundly altered man's conception of his own cognition.

CURRY COLLEGE

William F. Buckley Jr., D.Sc., journalist and periodic politician. The most articulate voice of conservative thought in the United States today.

DICKINSON COLLEGE

Jay Saunders Redding, D.Lit., author, *American life and letters have been enriched by your haunting theme of being Negro in America. You have revealed whites and blacks to each other as brothers.*

Tom Wicker, LL.D., associate editor of the *New York Times*. The searchlight of truth which your commentary throws upon the dark places of our national political life is matched only by your incisive criticism of international hypocrisy.

DUIKE UNIVERSITY

John H. Gibbon Jr., D.Sc., heart surgeon.

HAMILTON COLLEGE

Andrew W. Cordier, LL.D., president of Columbia University.
Samuel B. Gould, LL.D., chancellor of the State University of New York.
Athelstan Spilhaus, D.Sc., meteorologist and oceanographer.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

Lloyd K. Garrison, LL.D., lawyer.

The Rev. Jesse L. Jackson, D.Hum., director of Operation Breadbasket

IONA COLLEGE

Whitney M. Young Jr., LL.D., executive director of the National Urban League

KENYON COLLEGE

Olof Palme (Kenyon '48), I.H.D., the Prime Minister of Sweden. Educator, humanist, Prime Minister and peace weaver between men and between nations (see THE NATION)

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

Ramsey Clark, LL.D., former Attorney General

MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

Coretta Scott King, I.H.D. Morehouse College honors you not because you are the wife of Martin Luther King Jr. but because you are a distinguished woman in your own right, because you have continued the work of your husband and extended it.

NIAGARA UNIVERSITY

John A. Volpe, LL.D., Secretary of Transportation

ST LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY

Charles E. Goodell, LL.D., Senator from New York.

TUFTS UNIVERSITY

Andrew F. Brimmer, LL.D., member



JAMES RESTON



SOL LINOWITZ

of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System.

Anne Sexton, D.Let., poet.

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

Earl Warren, LL.D., former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Chief Justice, you have provided us all with a priceless example of integrity in high places, implacable dynamism in pursuit of the public interest, of a public man made of the same stuff all the way through, inside and out.

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

Kingman Brewster Jr., LL.D., president of Yale University. You stand above the strident voices of the extremes. You have cut through the inflammatory language of current dissent, delineating clearly the significant issues of the day.
James Reston, LL.D., columnist and vice president of the *New York Times*.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN DIEGO

Maurice Stans, LL.D., Secretary of Commerce.

* Last week eleven distinguished University of Minnesota professors, including Economist Walter W. Heller, a former top adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, met with the Vice President and told him that some of his public utterances were "driving moderates into the arms of extremists." They said that among their temperate students there is a widespread distrust of their Government, a mixture of fear and resentment toward America's leadership. They suggested that Agnew criticize violence in all quarters—hardhat right as well as student left and that he generally tone down his language. Said the Vice President: "Maybe they've got a point."

RELIGION

The Vatican's Noisy Family

When a multimillion-dollar Vatican building program reaches completion next winter it will add a boldly modern look to the city's architecture as well as to a few Roman Catholic traditions. Chief among these is the peculiar spectacle known as the Pope's general audience. Since its beginning during the first decade of the 20th century, this event has usually taken place in St. Peter's Basilica, a resplendent setting that is unfortunately characterized by slushy acoustics and poor visibility. Centerpiece of the current Vatican construction is a sleek new papal audience hall designed by Pier Luigi Nervi, with well-planned, air-conditioned facilities for 14,000 pilgrims. Once it goes into use, the atmospheric old St. Peter's audiences will fade forever. Last week TIME's Rome Bureau Chief Jim Bell revisited one to savor the sights and sounds—and smells—for the last time. His report:

"You mean we're supposed to applaud?" asks the lady from Wichita, Kans. "Why, I never heard of such a thing." The general audience is indeed something to stretch Anglo-Saxon and North European credulity. It is a religious occasion presided over by the spiritual leader of 600 million Catholics, yet at times it resembles nothing so much as Shea Stadium on banner night, with overtones of the Christmas show at Radio City Music Hall, the National Spelling Bee and the state fair.

Despite recent efforts to limit attendance, the general audience still draws an average of 10,000 people to the regular Wednesday and occasional Saturday sessions. Hence a battle for position goes on. And it is difficult to appreciate the glory of Michelangelo

and Bernini when some child is whacking your shins, a woman has her pocketbook jammed into your floating rib and half a dozen nuns are giving you the old high-low so the mother superior can better enjoy this supreme moment.

Herded Sheep. They start gathering in St. Peter's Square as the sun comes over the magnificent Bernini colonnade—black suits and neckties, Bermuda shorts and T shirts, miniskirts barely covering buttocks, long-sleeved dresses with mantillas. In long lines before wooden barriers, young couples love each other up, oldsters lean wearily on crutches. A roar of protest in a dozen languages goes up as a middle-aged American with a red face tries an end run. He is spat on as he retreats, his wife near tears.

When the barriers go down and the bronze doors of St. Peter's part, people are herded like stray sheep into pens on both sides of the central nave. Outside, a few holders of blue tickets are ushered along niches and cornices of pitted travertine marble through a side entrance and into box seats from which they can observe, with slightly arched nostrils, the antics below.

It is hot. The stench of body odor in some of the tightly packed pens is overpowering. Behind the adults massed along the nave, children run and play, whooping happily at hide-and-seek. Everywhere there are gaggles of giggling girls in school uniforms and confirmation dresses. In a side chapel a priest says Mass, ignoring the hubbub around him. Friends are made in the boxes. "You're from Pottstown? Well for heaven's sake, we live just outside Philadelphia . . ." A choir of German clerics bursts into a Gregorian chant. Nuns prod their charges to raise sweet voices in entirely different song.

Just before 11 a.m., after nearly ev-

erybody has been standing or sitting for an hour and a half, the altar lights go up. To the right of the nave, red curtains swing open, and there, borne by a dozen *sedari* in scarlet knee breeches, Pope Paul VI sails high above the crowd in his *sedes gestatoria* (literally, carrying chair). A roar goes up such as the home team gets when it trots out of the dugout. As Paul glides down the nave, flashbulbs erupt like sheet lightning on a summer's night. Pale and powdery, his eyes glazed by the light, the Pope holds his hands high. They wave slowly like the fins of some exotic tropical fish. A blue-haired lady from Philadelphia cries, "Oh, Howard, he has such a beautiful countenance!" "Salut!" shouts a German voice. "Viva, viva!" echoes an Italian.

At the Bernini altar, Paul takes his throne and launches into his message (read in Italian). The crowd settles back, the loudspeakers hiss and waves of sound pile on top of each other. Many of the pilgrims understand nothing of what is going on. Four American men lean on a railing, discussing their adventures in Rome.

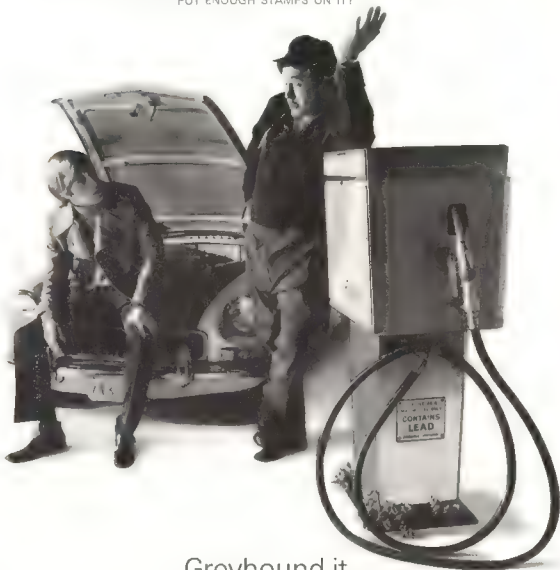
Ecstatic Screams. Paul's message concluded, tension spreads through the pens. For now is the last chance to see His Holiness. As he makes his final *giro* (tour around), nuns crawl over kids, well-dressed men elbow women in their eagerness to touch the Pope's hand. The air is full of ecstatic screaming. A row or two of benches collapse with a cracking sound like gunfire. No one pays any attention—and no one is hurt.

When it is all over at 12:40, people blink and yawn at each other. The floor is littered with candy wrappers, newspapers, film boxes. "Very moving," says a woman from Ireland. "But it is wearying to keep small children quiet all this time." A liberal Catholic professor on leave from U.C.L.A. is angry as he shuffles toward the piazza with his wife and five children. "This whole



PAUL VI HOLDING GENERAL AUDIENCE IN ST. PETER'S
Sweet, chants, miniskirts and a pocketbook in the floating rib.

YOU WERE DRIVING ALONG WHEN
YOUR BRAND NEW SPORTS CAR WENT VRRACKKK
AND THE MAN AT THE GAS STATION WITH
THE DAISIES GROWING AROUND THE PLUMP SAYS HE
CAN PROBABLY GET THE PART YOU NEED TO GO VROOOOOM
AGAIN BY NEXT THURSDAY... IF N THEM CITY FOLKS
PUT ENOUGH STAMPS ON IT?



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When you turn the steering wheel, the steering column is turned.

This rotates the spiral drive gear.

Which moves the recirculating ball segment.

Which rotates the sector shaft.

Which moves a lever.

Which, through the tie rods, turns the wheels.

Sounds complicated? That's precisely our point.



What makes the Audi's wheels turn when you turn the steering wheel.

The Audi's wheels turn by means of a steering system called Rack-and-Pinion. And here's how it works:



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This creates horizontal movement of the rack.

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pler and more direct our system is. (Fact is, considering the number of moving parts, it's the simplest steering system in the world.)

This simplicity and directness is why you get a better feel of the road with our steering system than you do with the others. And the better your feel of the road, the more control you have over the car—especially in those situations where split-second correction is so vital.

Rack-and-Pinion steering is just one of the Audi's many points of difference. It also has front-wheel drive. Inboard front disc brakes. Why this remarkable car even uses gas differently than most other cars.

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While you're down there, you'll have an opportunity to drive the Audi, too, naturally—and see that the things we say in our advertising aren't just things we say in our advertising.

Audi®

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business is a sideshow. It has nothing to do with religion." His wife disagrees. "The church," she says quietly, "is one great big family, and families are noisy—you know that."

Bickering Baptists

The sturdiest pulpits of Middle America stand in the 34,335 churches of the Southern Baptist Convention. The SBC's 11,498,613 members, making up the largest U.S. Protestant denomination, are the fabric of the now somewhat frayed Bible Belt that arcs from California to Virginia. In folklore—and partly in fact—they stand as stern exponents of a Scripture understood in literal terms and a life lived by rough-hewn moral precepts. Last week the 11,500 "messengers" who gathered in Denver for the SBC's 125th anniversary meeting seemed to be running true to type. They filled the air with gospel singing and crowded onstage to deliver fervent "testimonies" before a background painted in Sunday-school pastels.

But in the words of outgoing SBC President W.A. Criswell "termities" are gnawing at the group's fundamentalist foundations. Recent years have seen a growing movement away from the old Bible-thumping toward a more liberal faith—particularly among some of the SBC's seminary teachers and publications editors. The liberals have taken a progressive line not only on such issues as race and ecumenism, but above all on biblical interpretation, finally joining scholars of other denominations in doubting that the text was inspired word-for-word by God and is thereby infallible. Last year Criswell, pastor of the 15,000-member First Baptist Church of Dallas, inadvertently brought these trends to a head by publishing a book titled *Why I Preach That the Bible Is Literally True*. The book enraged the Association of Baptist Professors of Religion, and in the ensuing furor Southern Baptists divided over whether to embrace or reject Criswell's credo.

Playboy Debate. Any good Baptist regards the Bible as the ultimate authority, to be interpreted by each individual according to his own lights. Although the conservatives are by far the more numerous and vocal camp in the SBC, they can invoke no doctrinal discipline to block the liberals' inroads. Last week's meeting, instead of bringing the messengers together, only made their differences more glaring.

In one session, the conservatives yielded ten minutes of platform time to a dozen black collegians from Denver, one of whom shouted that the SBC's ranks include members who have "castrated, murdered and raped black people." "No!" and "Lie!" countered the audience. Later, the budget for the SBC's social-action agency, the Christian life

commission, went through with a 15% increase, despite conservative complaints about past ventures by the commission (including an invitation to a *Playboy* spokesman last March to participate in a forum on the new morality). As the week wore on, however, grass-roots resentment built up steadily, finally it exploded when the meeting took up Volume I of a projected twelve-volume Bible commentary published by the SBC's Sunday-school board in Nashville.

Too Much Room. The book includes a commentary on *Genesis* written by English Baptist G. Henton Davies, a middle-of-the-road Old Testament scholar. It is a compendium of outrages to the fundamentalists. For example, he is sympathetic to the "documentary hypothesis" on the origins of *Genesis*. The theory holds that Moses was not the author but rather that the book is composed of several "parallel narratives."



FUNDAMENTALIST CRISWELL
Termities in the foundation?

"This tears the heart from the word of God," charged the Rev. Glennon Cullwell of Santa Cruz, Calif., during angry debate. By a vote of 5,394 to 2,170, the conservatives carried an unprecedented motion demanding that the book be withdrawn as "out of harmony with the beliefs of the vast majority of Southern Baptist pastors and people."

New SBC President Carl E. Bates, a moderate from Charlotte, N.C., strove to maintain a conciliatory tone. "We're not trying to get everybody under one creedal statement here," he said. But with one wing straining toward a more progressive stance and the other digging in stubbornly on fundamentals, the SBC's real problem seemed to be holding everybody under one denominational roof. As Pastor Robert Scott of Williamstown, Mo., put it: "It's been said that we've got room for the most conservative and the most liberal in the Southern Baptist Convention. But brother, I say that's too much room."

MILESTONES

Born. To Lynda Bird Johnson Robb, 26, and Marine Corps Major Charles S. Robb, 30, their second child and former President Johnson's fourth grandchild, a girl; in Bethesda, Md.

Married. Katharine Lindsay, 19, daughter of New York Mayor John Lindsay and a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania, and Richard Schaffer, 23, a 1969 graduate of the Wharton School of Finance in a civil ceremony at Gracie Mansion, the mayor's residence in Manhattan.

Died. Terry Sawchuk, 40, New York Rangers' back-up goalie who during a 21-year career in the National Hockey League set a record of 103 regular-season shutouts and was considered, by many to be the game's greatest goal tender; of a blood clot in the lung following injuries suffered in April during a brawl with teammate Ron Stewart in Manhattan.

Died. Albert Lamorisse, 48, French film maker (*The Red Balloon*, *Stowaway in the Sky*) whose aerial cinematography in high-spirited childhood fables enraptured international audiences in the '50s and '60s; when an Iranian army helicopter from which he was shooting a documentary hit a power line and crashed near Teheran.

Died. Richard King Mellon, 70, Mellon fortune seigneur (see BUSINESS)

Died. Menasha Skulnik, seventyish, irrepressible Yiddish comedian and Broadway actor (*The Fifth Season*, *The Flowering Peach*, *The Zulu and the Zayda*) for 60 years; in Manhattan. His explanation for his popularity, "People laugh not from the jokes but from the situations I am in. I play the little guy—the schlemiel—against the world."

Died. Edwin C. Johnson, 86, three-term Democratic Governor of Colorado and U.S. Senator from 1937 to 1955, following a hernia operation; in Denver. A conservative, "Big Ed" was offended by immorality among Hollywood actors and actresses and called for a congressional investigation. "Unconventional free-love conduct must be regarded for what it is," he said, "an assault upon the institution of marriage."

Died. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, 93, Hitler's financial wizard in the early years; in Munich. Selected by Hitler as Finance Minister in 1933, Schacht used his genius in the financing of the Führer's rearmament program. But he broke with Hitler over the Nazi invasion of Austria and was imprisoned in 1944 as a suspected conspirator against the state. Tried by the Allies as a war criminal, he was acquitted and returned to banking.

* The breakaway group was founded in 1945 in reaction to a decision by the U.S. Baptist mission board that it would offend the Gospel to appoint slaveowners as foreign missionaries.

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MEDICINE

Sickness at HEW

One of the unhealthiest places in Washington these days is the Health section of the sprawling Department of Health, Education and Welfare. And perhaps the most emotionally disturbed place within Health is the National Institute of Mental Health. Last week just before the departure of HEW Secretary Robert Finch (see *THE NATION*), the institute underwent the bureaucratic equivalent of a psychotic breakdown. Its director, Dr. Stanley Yolles, 51 was summarily fired and announced that he was seeking early retirement from Government service.

The trouble in HEW began at the top. Secretary Finch had tried to steer between the necessities of the Administration's hard-line budget trimming and the demands of his progressive subordinates, many of them Democrats. In the process, he satisfied no one—least of all himself. "He keeps everything inside himself," says a high-placed HEW physician. "That's why he's sick—it's destroying him."

Below the Secretary as the nation's chief health officer is hurly, outspoken Dr. Roger Egeberg, who was installed as second choice after an unseemly brawl in which the American Medical Association persuaded the President to veto Finch's favorite for the job, Boston's Dr. John H. Knowles (*TIME*, July 4). After eleven months on the job, Egeberg succeeded only last week in filling three of the five top spots (carrying the rank of deputy assistant secretary) with nominees who are politically acceptable to the Administration. Among the special agencies under Egeberg's authority, the Food and Drug Administration has been racked by top-level fringes and the installation of untried new men. Last month, largely on White House orders, Dr. Joseph T. English was sacked (while Egeberg was out of the country) from his post as administrator of health services and mental health. He will become head of New York City's new Health and Hospitals Corporation and at the same time double his salary.

Drug Penalties. As in many of HEW's other plague spots, the emotional disturbance at Mental Health involved both personality conflicts and political interference in scientific and medical matters. As director of the institute since 1964, Yolles was accused of arbitrarily imposing his views, rather than winning acceptance for them. The byword at NIMH became: "What Yolles wants, Yolles gets." He might have got more—and still be in office today—if he had been willing occasionally to settle for less.

What first brought Yolles to public attention was his forthright opposition in 1968 to congressional bills that would have increased the already stiff penalties for possession or occasional use of marijuana. His intervention in



STANLEY YOLLES
Who needs help?

what he regarded as strictly a medical question was surprisingly effective, and Congress eased the penalties. But his victory won him few friends and set the law-and-order forces against him.

Yolles himself dates the beginning of his downfall from that courageous testimony, which he reiterated with equal force last September. Many insiders at NIMH disagree. They contend that his troubles stem from his insensitive techniques in dealing with both equals and political superiors at HEW. For whatever reason, Finch's office concluded early this year that Yolles must go. The word spread quickly through HEW.

No Ripples. Last week Egeberg asked Yolles if he had heard the rumors. Then he added, "Well, they're true." Yolles spoke of submitting a "little letter of resignation that won't cause any ripples." Next day Egeberg spluttered as he read a vituperative letter of resignation from Yolles, who also had given it to the press. Yolles delivered an indictment accusing the Administration, among other things, of abandonment of the mentally ill, substitution of rhetoric for monetary support in federal drug-abuse and alcohol-control programs, allowing the Justice Department to meddle in medical determinations, and "introduction of partisan, political considerations in the appointment of individuals to scientific positions."

From Arizona, where he was making a commencement address shortly before he left HEW, Finch hit back, saying that the charges "grossly distort the position of this Administration in the mental-health area." Furthermore, he declared, "Dr. Yolles has consistently shown a complete unwillingness to cooperate in this department's planning

for more effective mental-health programs. Rarely, if ever, did he deign to participate or communicate with others in the department in efforts to bring better help to the mentally ill."

At week's end it was evident that help was needed not only for the mentally ill but also for HEW and one of its most able members, the National Institute of Mental Health.

Relief from Parkinson's

A million or more Americans, most of them over 50, suffer from Parkinson's disease, once generally known as "shaking palsy." The mysterious nerve disorder causes tremors, muscle rigidity, involuntary movements, slurred speech and may eventually disable the victim. Until recently it was virtually untreatable. Last week the U.S. Food and Drug Administration cautiously approved L-dopa, the first drug shown to be effective in a majority of cases of Parkinsonism. As a result, L-dopa, although subject to unprecedented safeguards because of its undesirable side effects, now becomes available for general prescription use.

The value of L-dopa (short for levodihydroxyphenylalanine) was established by Brookhaven National Laboratory's Dr. George C. Cotzias (*TIME*, Nov. 28). Earlier investigators had abandoned it after short-term trials, but Cotzias administered it in carefully calibrated, massive doses for weeks and months. Many of his patients made remarkable recoveries. Since then, 6,000 patients have taken L-dopa in tests at other medical centers, two-thirds of them with good results. As a result, Congressmen, prodded by physicians and officials of Parkinson's disease organizations, put tremendous pressure on the FDA to make L-dopa generally available. Commissioner Charles C. Edwards indicated that the FDA had yielded somewhat to that pressure "while bearing in mind our duty under the law to make certain to the best of our ability that the drug is safe and effective."

Side Effects. Said Edwards, "For the first time in FDA history, manufacturers will be required to conduct long-term studies of the drug's effects." They will have to compile data on the reported effects of patients under treatment, and on the results of post-mortem examinations of those who die of Parkinson's disease. There is good reason for this caution. Nearly all patients treated with L-dopa suffer some side effects, among which loss of appetite, nausea and vomiting are considered minor. More serious are changes in blood pressure and the white-blood-cell system and, paradoxically, involuntary muscle movements of a different type. (Suggestions that the medication dangerously increases libido are not taken seriously by responsible medical investigators.)

L-dopa will at first be in short supply, but major manufacturers are stepping up their output, and two have already been licensed to distribute it.

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MEANT FOR DRIVING,
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ENVIRONMENT

Cracking the Highway Trust

John A. Volpe must enjoy confounding his critics. A millionaire highway builder and former Republican Governor of Massachusetts, he was expected to pave over America when he became Richard Nixon's Secretary of Transportation. Instead, Volpe has stopped highway projects that would have thrust through park land and destroyed low-income housing and historic buildings. Says he: "We've got to provide a national transportation system with the least possible harm to the environment."

This week, when Volpe presents the Highway Act of 1970 to the House Public Works Committee, he plans to go even farther. He proposes to open the hitherto untouchable—indeed, almost sacrosanct—Federal Highway Trust Fund to purposes other than building roads. By so doing, Volpe will antagonize the highway lobby, a powerful amalgam of contractors, oilmen, billboard companies, automakers and others. The fight of his political life appears imminent.

Idealistic Lobbyist. The fund takes in about \$5.5 billion a year, mostly from a 4¢ levy on every gallon of gas purchased in the U.S. Since 1956, when the fund was started, this money has automatically gone directly into building more and more interstate highways—about 30,000 miles' worth to date. Now Volpe wants to broaden the uses of the fund to include such nonconstruction projects as driver-education and billboard removal for beautification.

Catalyst for Volpe's startling proposal was Douglas T. Snarr, the most active exponent of the Highway Beautification Act of 1965. To obey the law, Snarr, who himself owns 1,300 outdoor signs in the Rocky Mountain area, last year became a one-man lobby against billboards (*TIME*, Oct. 31). Although the Senate approved a measure in November to pay billboard owners to remove their own signs, Snarr's crusade had hardly begun. Idealistic, insistent, resplendent in purple suits and iguana cowboy boots, Snarr seized every chance to plead his cause. This winter, he astonished politicians by convincing John A. Volpe to act.

Billboard Blight. Wheels within wheels began to turn. Volpe swayed a reluctant Bureau of Public Roads to attack billboard blight. White House staffers, recognizing the benefits to the visual environment, lent their approval. Then Illinois Representative John C. Kluczynski, chairman of the

House Subcommittee on Roads, insisted that a highway-safety program be started too. But where would the money come from? Everybody thought of the Highway Trust Fund.

In quick order, the Budget Bureau and Justice and Treasury Departments approved the idea of opening the fund's bulging coffers. The changes in the flow of money from the fund amount to only \$120 million in fiscal 1972, or about 2% of its total. But if the program is approved by Congress, which appears likely, some environmentalists hope for more far-reaching changes. For one, the fund conceivably could finance development of new, cheaper, faster and pollution-free means of transportation. By cracking the trust fund, the Nixon Administration may be taking its biggest step to improve the U.S. environment.

Attack on DDT (Contd.)

Widely used to control pest-borne diseases, DDT is now everywhere—the land, the sea, the fat tissues of animals and humans. Unfortunately, the miracle spray also kills helpful birds and insects, can sicken farm workers, and has been known to contaminate mothers' milk. Last November the Federal Government decided to phase out all but "essential uses" of DDT by next December. As a

first step, it "canceled" four specific uses that account for 35% of the U.S.'s annual consumption. Yet manufacturers still produce as much DDT as ever (100 million lbs. per year, 20% of which is sold in the U.S.).

How can DDT be legally marketed while being officially banned? One answer lies in legislative terminology: "cancellation" only starts a review process, which manufacturers can prolong for years while sales continue. Too, the Agriculture Department is mired in a seeming conflict of interest. Charged with regulating most uses of DDT, the department also urges farmers to use it to increase crop yields.

Zero Tolerance. Two recent decisions by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia promise to unravel these problems. The court ordered Secretary of Agriculture Clifford M. Hardin to stop all interstate shipments of DDT within 30 days or else show the court why such an absolute ban would be a mistake. In the other case, the court ordered Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Robert H. Finch to publish in the *Federal Register* a proposal to establish "zero tolerance" levels for DDT residues in foods for humans. In effect, this will force manufacturers to prove to HEW that specific levels of DDT in foods are safe for human consumption. Since DDT, like cyclamates, has been shown to cause cancer in animals, the producers' task may be difficult.

"Both cases are enormously important," says Roderick A. Cameron, executive director of the Environmental Defense Fund, which joined other plaintiffs in bringing the suits to court. "They will revitalize the regulatory agencies and spur them to do their job." Charles Hupern, one of three Washington lawyers handling the cases, adds: "The decisions offer a precedent for getting other hard pesticides off the market." Alternatives to DDT include nonpersistent pesticides, which break down faster in nature, and biological controls using insect predators to prey on pests.

Meantime, home gardeners face the growing problem of what to do with unwanted stocks of hard pesticides—not only DDT but also DDD, dieldrin, aldrin, endrin, chlordane, heptachlor and others. Such long-lived chemicals could not be safely buried, they would sooner or later get into the water supply. Nor could they be incinerated; the dangerous fumes would carry a considerable distance. In fact, the most sensible solution, says the U.S. Department of Agriculture, is simply to store the pesticides and wait patiently until someone figures out what to do next.



SNARR SCANNING UTAH SCENE
A catalyst in iguana boots.

THE LAW

CIVIL LIBERTIES

Big Brother in New Jersey

Startled by the Newark riots in 1967, New Jersey officials took steps to be prepared for any future disturbances. At the suggestion of then-Attorney General Arthur Sills, police began compiling detailed dossiers on people taking part in demonstrations, even when the demonstrators violated no laws. The surveillance was promptly challenged by the state chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. Arguing that police intelligence-gathering activities would "intimidate and harass" demonstrators, the A.C.L.U. asked a superior court judge to order the investigations stopped, the dossiers destroyed.

The judge did issue the order. Indiscriminate snooping, he ruled, would have a "chilling effect" on anyone who wanted to advocate political and social change. But last week the New Jersey Supreme Court unanimously overturned that decision and upheld the right of the authorities to keep files on all demonstrators, whether peaceful or violent. Said the court: "The basic approach must be that the executive branch may gather whatever information it reasonably believes to be necessary to enable it to perform the police roles—detection and preventive."

Classified Demonstrations. The high court did, however, order a lower-court hearing on the scope of police surveillance and the relevancy of the material being gathered to a proper police function. Thus, civil-liberties groups still hope to narrow the scope of intelligence activities. The police now compile their data on two forms. One classifies demonstrations as pacifist, religious, right-wing,

left-wing, civil rights, militant, nationalistic, black power, Ku Klux Klan and extremist. The second form is less vague potentially more dangerous. It covers the people attending or taking part in demonstrations and calls for information on their families, employers, finances, personal habits and past activities.

The first of its kind in the U.S., the New Jersey decision could have far ranging repercussions. Police intelligence-gathering is widespread. In Chicago, police keep tabs on suspected "subversives" by filming demonstrations and gathering personal information on those involved. Detroit police use a video-tape system to record sit-ins and protest marches. The U.S. Army's domestic intelligence operation collects, stores and distributes volumes of data on all kinds of political protests—and protesters.

Irrelevant Intelligence. Few lawyers question the basic duty of the police to identify and investigate potential sources of trouble. What bothers civil libertarians is the gathering of such apparently unnecessary intelligence as credit reports and marital data and its indiscriminate distribution and use. Their concern is valid. The Army's domestic intelligence unit has neither the time nor the personnel to verify most of the information in its voluminous files, yet shares it with several agencies responsible for security clearances.

Few deny that careful intelligence-gathering can be necessary and effective in keeping the peace. Forewarned about the nature and size of a demonstration, officials can take proper steps to prevent both violence and police overreaction. But zealous surveillance without judicial control, like the "probable cause" evidence required to obtain search warrants, may well pose serious dangers.

Delay on the Death Penalty

Although 14 American states—and most Western nations—have substantially abolished the death penalty, the Supreme Court has thus far declined to rule on its constitutionality. Last fall the court agreed to review the conviction of William Maxwell, 30, an Arkansas Negro sentenced to death in 1962 for the rape of a white woman. But the case covered only the procedures by which capital punishment is imposed; it excluded the key puzzle of whether capital punishment violates the Eighth Amendment guarantee against "cruel and unusual punishment." Last week the court avoided even the questions it had earlier agreed to answer.

Those questions challenged jury practices in capital cases all over the country. The jury found Maxwell guilty, and sentenced him to death in a single proceeding. This gave Maxwell no chance to take the stand and plead for mercy. Had he done so during the trial, he would have been cross examined



MAXWELL IN ARKANSAS PRISON

The key question remains unanswered.

and risked self-incrimination on the issue of his guilt or innocence. The jury also fixed the penalty without any guidance from the judge as to the circumstances under which a man should be sentenced to death.

Easy Out. An odd snarl forced the court to ignore those issues. The decision had been postponed for more than a year because there were only eight Justices sitting, and their opinions were split. Ironically, Justice-designate Harry Blackmun, who will be sworn in this week, would have disqualified himself because he had ruled against Maxwell while serving on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit.

As a result, the court took an easy out and invoked a two-year-old precedent. Finding that Maxwell's jurors had apparently been screened in a way that barred veniemen even vaguely opposed to the death penalty, the Justices reversed his conviction and remanded his case to the lower federal court.

Even so, the high court simultaneously agreed to review two more capital cases next fall, when Blackmun can participate. Both cases raise the same issues as Maxwell. Pending those decisions, the nation's 510 condemned prisoners are likely to be kept alive. Because of state abolition, appeals, pardons and commutations, the U.S. has not staged a single execution in three years.

A Blow to Unions

In 1932, the Norris-La Guardia Act stopped federal judges from issuing anti-strike injunctions against the struggling unions of the time. In 1962, the Supreme Court held that the statute even protected walkouts barred by no-strike agreements in union contracts. But last week, in a rare move, the court reversed itself. Result: federal judges may now enjoin strikes that violate no-strike

POLICE FILMING ANTIWAR DEMONSTRATION



provisions if a union contract also provides for binding arbitration of disputes.

At issue was a strike by the Retail Clerks union against a California supermarket, called after the store had allowed nonunion workers to arrange its shelves. A federal district judge, noting that the union contract called for binding arbitration, issued an order barring the strike. He was reversed by a federal appeals court, which relied on the 1962 decision. But the Supreme Court agreed with the district judge.

Upholding Arbitration. The new decision deals a blow to those segments of organized labor that prefer to rely on muscle rather than arbitration. But it will present few problems for those who respect their contracts.

Speaking for the court, Justice William Brennan held that the 1962 decision was in error and "subsequent events have undermined its continuing validity." Moreover, Congress's enactment of the 1947 Taft-Hartley Act put a new burden on the courts to cool labor disputes by upholding arbitration and similar techniques.

In sharp dissent, Justice Hugo Black defended the 1962 decision and deflated Brennan's explanation of the court's reversal. "Nothing at all has changed," said Black, "except the membership of the court and the personal views of one Justice." Indeed, Chief Justice Earl Warren, who had sided with Black, has been replaced by Warren Burger, who voted with the majority. Justice Potter Stewart, who upheld the anti-union law in 1962, voted against it last week.

Hairy Victory

Adults who yearn to clip the nation's longhairs keep running into a formidable obstacle: the U.S. Constitution. Take the school officials in Williams Bay, Wis., who insist that boys with shoulder-length locks distract other students from their studies. Last year the officials ordered two hairy boys, Thomas Breen, 17, and James Anton, 19, to get haircuts or get expelled. Spurning both choices, the shaggy ones asked a federal district court to declare the order unconstitutional. When the court obliged the would-be clippers continued their fight right up to the Supreme Court.

Last week the high court, perhaps too concerned with hairier matters, refused to hear the Wisconsin case and let the lower court rulings stand. The result is a victory for individuality. According to the district court, the Wisconsin school officials failed to prove that longhairs truly distract other students in this hirsute era. As to whether long hair expresses something offensive to others, the court reasoned, that something is still within the First Amendment. Shagginess is not obscenity, for example. Said the court, "Freedom to wear one's hair at a certain length or to wear a beard is constitutionally protected, even though it expresses nothing but individual taste."

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GIANT AIR MATTRESS IN MANHATTAN'S 53rd STREET
Patience, protest, and some fun

N.Y.A.S.A.R.S.R.W.

The American Association of Museums is about as staid an organization as Spiro Agnew could wish, and for 64 years it has been meeting annually without notable incident. But this year's get-together was different.

It started conventionally enough with an address by Nancy Hanks chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. Then the protesters arrived. Long-haired, mustachioed and some 30 strong they stormed the speaker's rostrum at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel bearing banners and shouting insults at the U.S. museum establishment. They called themselves the New York Artists Strike Against Racism, Sexism, Repression and War. Two of their members who were scheduled to address the delegates later that morning, demanded to be heard right then and there. After 20 minutes of shouting, the meeting was adjourned and nobody was heard. That evening the protesters were installed in a place of honor on the stage of the Brooklyn Museum. They were not appeased. They listened to a stirring *mea culpa* by John Hightower, director of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, on the failure of all museums to combat war, racism and repression. No shouts. Instead, they walked out in a body on the grounds that Hightower had not kept his promise to establish a black studies center.

No Proof. The protesters had a list of other demands ranging from immediate U.S. withdrawal from Southeast Asia to the calling of a special conference at the Metropolitan Museum to deal with racism, sexism, repression and war. Discussing these demands took even more time—and patience—than the speeches by such notables as New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

"What's sexism?" asked the Governor when confronted, "and what does it have to do with art?" "Ask Mrs. Rockefeller," cried a voice.

In the end, the museum officials actually acceded to a watered-down version of the protesters' prime resolution: they agreed to "cooperate" in the formation of a national workshop conference on racism, sexism, repression and war. No one was exactly satisfied. At least of all the protesting members of the N.Y.A.S.A.R.S.R.W., who had, however, produced no proof that they represented anyone but themselves.

Top of the week, though, was the entertainment in West 53rd Street, where the Museum of Contemporary Crafts displayed a gigantic air mattress that filled the street from curb to curb. The younger and more active delegates jumped up and down on it, squealing like children. Even some of the protesters joined in. The hushed world of museums was clearly shook up.

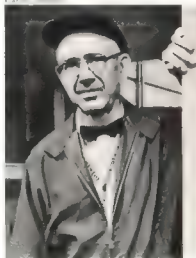
Listener to the Trees

As Charles Burchfield saw it, any landscape painter worthy of the name had to take his nature raw. "You cannot experience a landscape until you have known all its discomforts," he said. "You have to curse, fight mosquitoes, fall over rocks and skin your knees, be stung by nettles, scratched by grasshopper grass and pricked by brambles before you have really experienced the world of nature." He braved winter winds and rainstorms to sketch outdoors. One March day, inspired by a "glorious thaw," he trudged out to a nearby woods and had hardly set up his easel when a thun-

derstorm came up. "I decided nothing was going to stop my painting," he recalled later, "and hurriedly got my huge beach umbrella and my raincoat. I protected my legs with a portfolio (the wind holding it in place). And so I painted with my nose almost on the paper with thunder crashing, boughs breaking and rain falling in torrents."

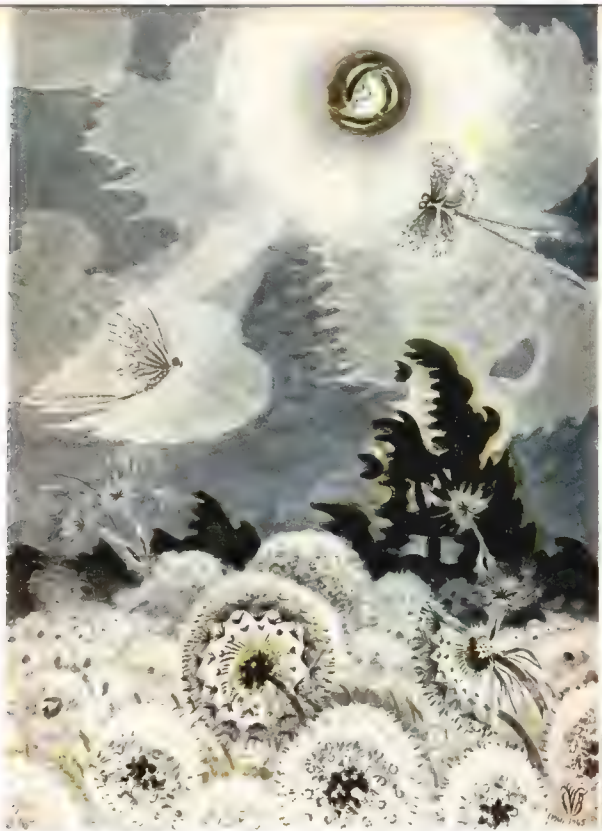
Burchfield's perseverance paid off in some of the most unusual nature painting in American art. In memory of the artist who died in 1967, the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica, N.Y., is currently displaying a 441-work retrospective. Organized by Assistant to the Director Joseph Trovato, the show ranges from schoolboy sketches to some of his last large watercolors, handsomely illuminating Burchfield's special gifts. Sweeping views and majestic scenery were not his forte. Rather he marveled at nature's moods, the songs of crickets and cicadas, the sound of the wind in the telegraph wires, the intricate structure of a dandelion seed ball. In his view, weeds were as precious as flowers, trees had faces, houses eyes, and in their tanks, soggy way cornstalks could almost be seen to dance.

Graphic Symbols. Burchfield's love of nature verged on the mystical, more than once, he confided in the journal he kept for more than 50 years he fled the woods in terror of mysterious presences. "I have never learned to talk and have only listened to the trees," he wrote. Born in Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1893, he grew up in Salem, where he and his sister Louise often romped in Post's Woods hunting spring flowers, a pastime he later recalled in *White Violets and Coal Mine*. Even then he liked to sketch, and in high school recorded all the local wildflowers. After graduation he entered the Cleveland School of Art. There, it was not modernist battles raging in Paris or at New York's Armory Show that influenced him, but Chinese scrolls and Japanese prints. Soon he was making hun-



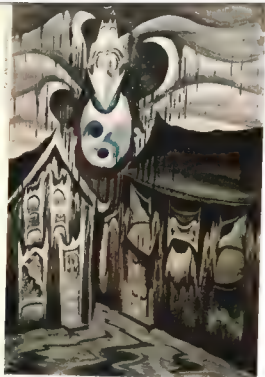
BURCHFIELD IN 1965
Restoring childhood wonder

The word is unknown to Webster, but to protesters it means discrimination against women in employment, politics, art and so forth.



Charles Burchfield's Nature

In his journal, Burchfield marveled at the shifting seasons, a phenomenon that he caught luminously in Dandelion Seed Heads and the Moon (1961-63). It evokes one of those late-summer nights when all nature—save for the restless burr of a pair of dragonflies—stands still for a moment before yielding to autumn



Church Bells Ringing, Rainy Winter Night (1917) conveys "a childhood emotion," wrote Burchfield. Despite "candlelights and Christmas trees, the fear of the black rainy night is overpowering."



In White Violets and Coal Mine (1918) the mine openings seemed suitable for white violets, whose charm was enhanced by the yawning black cave. They seemed like impish fairy sprites playing hide-and-seek among the rocks.



The Moth and the Thunderclap (1961) is one of Burchfield's attempts to "suggest sound." A large Cecropia moth seeks shelter under oak leaves as thun-

der booms jaggedly across the landscape. Burchfield was fascinated by the towering thunderheads of August, expressions of "the big epic power of nature."

dreds of nature studies. Many were developed in watercolors whose flat, abstract patterns still seem precocious for a young man all but oblivious of contemporary art.

His "golden year," he judged later was 1917, when he conceived an elaborate vocabulary of graphic symbols to portray sounds and emotions. The chirp of crickets was accomplished with a kind of jumping V-shape. Fear he saw as a hooked spiral, which can be seen at the top of the steeple in a painting he did that year, *Church Bells Ringing, Rainy Winter Night*. The painting was inspired by a dank winter night when he heard a booming church bell and recalled his fearful feelings on hearing the same sound as a child. He promptly went down to Salem's Baptist Church and sketched its steeple, noting that it looked like a hollow-eyed parrot, then returned another night to listen to the bells. "The whole tower seemed to vibrate with a dull roar afterwards," he wrote, "dying slowly and with a growl."

Small-Town Realism. In the 1920s, Burchfield "fell under the charm" of the American Scene writers—Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Sinclair Lewis—and for a time the old Victorian houses and humdrum streets of small-town America replaced nature on his canvas. By then, he and his wife had moved to Gardenville, N.Y., a suburb of Buffalo where he lived for the rest of his life. Quiet and modest, Burchfield was yet a man of great emotional upheavals, alternating between despair and almost spiritual ecstasies. Eventually, Main Street palled, and in 1943 he decided to return to nature. Critics who had praised his grim realism were dismayed, but Burchfield decided that the period had been a "digression." In retrospect, he was essentially right.

He began feverishly reworking the early watercolors. His vision grew ever more exuberant as he sought to capture the patterns of heat waves in July, the crash of thunder over a landscape, the cold cawing of crows, fireflies exploding like stars. *Dandelion Seed Heads and the Moon*, with its phantom trees in the distance and its fragile dandelions echoing the lunar rings, is an unforgettable evocation of transitory nature. Down in the lower right-hand corner crisp as a cricket's chirp, can be seen Burchfield's colophon, an adaptation of his zodiac sign (Aries) and his initials.

"As an artist grows older," Burchfield explained, "he has to fight disillusionment and learn to establish the same relation to nature as an adult as he had when a child." That was no mean task. His greatness was that, through the alchemy of paint, he was able to restore that childhood wonder for others too. As the Institute's Joseph Trovato put it: "It is not given to any one man to tell the whole story of the world of nature, but Burchfield tells a very important part—a part that touches us all. We will never be able to see the world in the same way again."

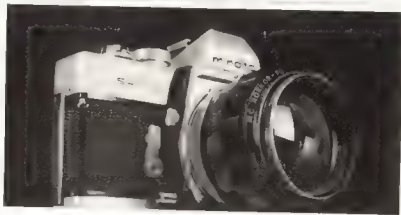
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Some Are More

McWATT'S VOICE (filtered, yelling)

Help him! Help him!

YOSSARIAN (into mike, yelling)

Help who?

McWATT'S VOICE (filtered, yelling)

Help the bombardier!

YOSSARIAN (into mike, yelling)

I'm the bombardier. I'm all right.

McWATT'S VOICE (filtered, yelling)

Then help him! Help him!

THE chronicle of war is the Bible of irony. The original victim of that mistaken-identity crisis was a B-25 bombardier named Joseph Heller during a World War II raid over Avignon. He was a dozen feet from the pilot; yet they were separated by layers of chaos and terror. It was not Heller who was hurt—it was his gunner who was bleeding copiously into his flight suit. It was Heller's 37th mission. From that instant of agony he grew petrified of flight. When his war ended, he took a ship home, it was some 15 years later before the flyer entered another plane.

The experience was too extravagant to be fiction and too real to be borne. Heller furnished the corpse with a vaudeville wardrobe, mixed in '50s America, and called his novel *Catch-22*. Black

mad and surreal, it told of a bombardier named Yossarian impaled on the insanity of war and struggling to escape. Undergraduates still see Yossarian as a lionly coward, the first of the hell-no-we-won't-go rebels who had to go anyway. To them, the book's final sentence limns the human condition as well as the hero's: "The knife came down, missing him by inches, and he took off."

Catch-22 smacked of Restoration comedy. The characters trapped with Yossarian in the 256th Squadron had arch names: Major Major, General Dreedle, Colonel Korn, Milo Minderbinder. The contents seemed to be a series of hyperbolic World War II anecdotes, but its author confesses "I wrote it during the Korean War and aimed it for the one after that." The book was criticized as flatulent, self-indulgent and anachronistic—"Engine Charlie" Wilson's General Motors, thinly disguised was one of its archvillains. Moreover it followed Hilaire Belloc's irritating dictum, "First I tell them what I am going to tell them; then I tell them; and then I tell them what I told them."

Nearly 5,000,000 readers nevertheless found it one of the most original comic novels of their time. They found it so funny, in fact, that surely half of them ignored Heller's own warnings that *Catch-22* is no more about the Army Air Corps than Kafka's *The Trial* was about Prague, that "the cold war is what I was truly talking about, not the World War"; and that the second biggest character in the novel is death.

From Neurosis to Hysteria

The biggest, of course, is Yossarian. Like most larger-than-death heroes, he is everyman. Still, some men are more Yossarian than others. Mike Nichols knows. And Alan Arkin knows. And Mike Nichols knows that Alan Arkin knows. "It was the only part I've ever worked on which didn't demand a conception," says Arkin, "be-

cause there isn't much difference between me and Yossarian." Viewing Arkin in the film of *Catch-22* is like watching Lew Alcindor sink baskets or Bobby Fischer play chess. The man seems made for the role. Fear rides on his back like a schizoid chimp. His voice climbs from neurosis to hysteria—and winds back down again, without missing a moan. On Yossarian's tortured face is a look of applied sanity that befits only saints and madmen. He walks through a closed system to which everyone but the dreamer has a key.

Arkin's complex, triumphant performance is due in part to good genes—he looks more like Yossarian than he does like Arkin. In part it is due to a virtuoso player entering his richest period. But in the main it is due to the quirky talent of Director Mike Nichols, whose previous successes have been wrung largely from the bland and facile. It is as if Neil Simon were to turn out *Endgame* or Peter Sellers to turn into Falstaff.

The film is far from whole. Occasionally, it moves too slowly. Despite its determined timelessness, it suffers from inescapable time lag. The feudal state of the Army has the aspect of ancient history; bombing in World War II was like bombing in no other war before or since. When the novel was published in 1961, its nonviolent stance was courageous and almost lonely. But antiwar films have become faddish lately, and *Catch-22* runs the risk, philosophically, of falling into line behind *M*A*S*H* and *How I Won the War*.

Comedy, of all things, is the film's weakest component. As an adapter, Buck Henry has supplied a terse, sufficient script; it is as a comic actor that he is wanting. In the part of Colonel Korn, he violates the first rule of humor: if what you're doing is funny, you don't have to be funny doing it. Playing outpatients of Dr. Strangelove, he and his Tweedledumy Colonel Cathcart (Mar-



ORSON WELLES & ARKIN



JON VOIGHT AS "MILO"

BALSAM, HENRY & RICHARD BENJAMIN



JACK GILFORD



Yossarian Than Others

(in Balsam) italicize every punch line. Even their faces are overstatements. As General Dreedle, Orson Welles sweeps past like Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, all plastic and gas. Dreedle need only have *glenn*ed across his middle to complete the cartoon.

But Nichols was not making *Super-M*A*S*H*. From the beginning, he was aware that laughter in *Catch-22* was, in the Freudian sense, a cry for help. It is the book's cold rage that he has nurtured. In the jokes that matter, the film is as hard as a diamond, cold to the touch and brilliant to the eye. To Nichols, *Catch-22* is "about dying"; to Arkin it is "about selfishness"; to audiences, it will be a memorable horror comedy of war, with the accent on horror.

With psychiatric insight, Nichols has constructed *Catch-22* like a spiral stair case set with mirrors. Yossarian ascends by dolls, units of pain, glimpsing pieces of himself until he comes to a landing of understanding. It is 1944. Mussolini has collapsed, and Allied victory is inevitable. But for the bombardment group, there is no surcease. Colonel Cathcart compulsively keeps raising the number of missions required before an airman can be rotated Stateside.

Like a carnivore among vegetarians, Cathcart careers through the defenseless. The Chaplain (Anthony Perkins) is chewed out for not writing inspirational sermons that will gain the unit a spread in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The flyers are ordered to raid civilian towns so that they can concentrate on producing nice tight bomb patterns in the aerial photographs. Most horrible of all, Lieut. Milo Minderbinder (Jon Voight) is encouraged in his murderous wartime profiteering.

Yossarian moves numbly through it all, reminiscent of the Steinberg drawing in which a rabbit peers out of a human face. He begs Doc Daneeka (Jack Gilford) to ground him as being insane with fear. But the flight surgeon dutifully recites the Air Force manual's

imaginary Catch No. 22. Naturally, anyone who wants to get out of combat isn't really crazy. So supernaturally, anyone who says he is too crazy to keep flying is too sane to stop. On such circular reasoning rests the plot, the dialogue, and indeed the film's essence.

Repulsive and Instructive

The dominant image is the circle. *Catch-22* is as cyclic as the Soldier in White, a mummy-like form completely encased in bandages. At one end, a bottle feeds fluid into the region of some upper vein. At the other, a pipe conducts the fluid out of the kidney region and into another bottle. At a given signal, preoccupied nurses exchange the bottles, and the cycle begins anew.

Fully loaded, the bombers take flight, make their lethal gyres and return empty. Under Nichols' direction, the camera makes air as palpable as blood. In one long-lensed indelible shot, the slug gish bodies of the B-25s rise impossibly close to one another, great vulnerable chunks of aluminum shaking as they fight for altitude. Could the war truly have been fought in those preposterous crates? It could, it was. And the unused faces of the flyers, Orr, Nately, Aardvark, could they ever have been so young? They were, they are. *Catch-22*'s insights penetrate the elliptical dialogue to show that wars are too often a children's crusade, fought by boys not old enough to vote or, sometimes to think.

Yossarian's mind circles five times to that instant in which McWatt calls out "Help him!" Each time Yossarian's arc of memory lengthens as he bends to aid the mortally wounded Snowden—until at last he sees the man's flesh torn away and his insides pour out. It is at once the film's most repulsive and instructive moment. From that time Yossarian cannot accept the escape bargain his superiors finally offer him: "All you have to do is like us." He cannot betray his fellow victims of what Nor-

man Mailer called "exquisite totalitarianism." It is then that the rabbit must run or perish.

Most of the film has the quality of dislocation. It is lit like a Wyeth painting and informed with the lunatic logic of Magritte. Only twice does it grow didactic. In an Italian whorehouse, 19-year-old Nately (Art Garfunkel) confronts a 107-year-old pimp. The scene is photographed narrative, almost word-for-word from the book's symbolic and simplistic confrontation, weary but supposedly immortal Italy v. vigorous but naive and supposedly doomed America. When the boy accuses the ancient of "shameless opportunism, the centenarian defends himself with the ultimate weapon: age. "I'll be 20 in January," answers Nately. There is no answer to the old man's Partisan shot "If you live."

As the film progresses, Lieut. Minderbinder descends from mess-hall hustler to full-time racketeer. In a crude and overdrawn caricature the loutish blond fly-boy suddenly becomes a Hitlerian symbol who bombs American bases in a deal with the Germans and sells stocks in the war because it is good business. Here Nichols—like Heller—cannot let



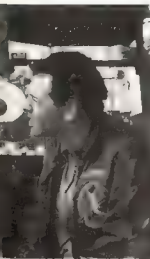
PAJLA PRENTISS & ARKIN ON BEACH



ARKIN DURING BOMBING

B. ARKIN

ARKIN TENDS 'SNOWDEN' ABOARD PLANE





NICHOLS (CENTER), DIRECTING ARKIN ON LOCATION
Impaled on the insanity of war.

hell enough alone, and Engine Charles off-quoted G.M. dictum is paraphrase. "What's good enough for M-M Enterprises is good for the country." But not for the movie.

Nichols had made his villainous broodingnagian in lesser hands, the morality face could have been substandard anti-Establishmentarianism, capital is evil; war is inhuman; people are groovy. There is something to be said for George C. Scott's appraisal of Yossarian's actions: "What the hell good does it do to take your clothes off, climb a tree and refuse to come down? What kind of rebellion is that?"

Wagh Parties in a Dirigible

Yet, because of the director's persistent focus, it all makes the kind of perfect nonsense that finally is the concomitant of wisdom. Like *Through the Looking Glass*, *Catch-22* overturns commonplaces and makes them fresh. Its optimism is despairing; its doubt is born of faith. "When Yossarian runs away in the end," says Heller, "I never said that he would get all the way. I wrote 'The knife came down, missing him by inches, and he took off.' But he tries, he changes. That's the best that can be said for any of us." It is the best that can be said of Nichols, who with this major film has discernibly altered not only his career but himself.

"*Catch-22* has made me feel differently about what I lay on the line and what I do with my money too," Nichols says. "There are suddenly so many urgent things that we must do for one another to make sure that we continue to live on this earth. The kind of *après-moi-le-dé-luge* parties and life-style that goes with them seem more and more distasteful. The accounts of such rounds are beginning to sound like Evelyn Waugh parties in a dirigible during a war."

That general critique could be written in the margin of Nichols' autobiography. If he is indeed breaking

camp, his move is Yossarianic in its scope. Nichols was the original enthusiast of urbane Waughfare. In the '60s he compiled an unbroken string of Broadway smashes. He was a certified Beautiful Person, intimate of Lenny and Jackie, chum of Gloria Steinem, an original backer of Arthur, the slipped discotheque Twice married, once divorced, once separated, he was the most eligible married male in Manhattan. His upper West Side triplex was decorated by Billy Baldwin. His Rolls waited obediently at the curb while he visited his fellow greats. His corporation was acquired by AVCO Embassy Pictures Corp. for \$4,500,000. And yet, and yet, at that palmy time —was it only the day before yesterday? —there was a reason offered for Mike's acridulous tongue and his lofty penthouse picture of society. It was the standard one, heavily merchandised by paperback Freudians an unhappy childhood.

With Nichols, the reason was real. An émigré from Hitler Germany, Michael Igor Peschkowsky arrived in the U.S. in 1939. The seven-year-old could speak but two sentences in his new tongue: "I do not speak English" and "Please do not kiss me." Forbearance is difficult for a little boy; there are people who will kiss a child no matter what he pleads. Mike learned how to offer a cheek and withdraw a psyche. He was a great sponge of a boy who decided to absorb the world.

One month after his arrival, Mike's accent fell away like hand-me-down overalls. His father, a doctor, died when the boy was twelve. There was hardly any cash; the brilliant, aggressive student subsisted on scholarships and formed a lasting grudge against the unfeeling. To this day he remembers learning in terms of combat. "In grammar school you fight for your life and try not to get the crap beat out of you after school," he recalls. "In high school you figure things are frozen forever in

a certain pattern; there are a couple of guys you can beat up and a lot who can beat you up, and there are a few girls who'll go out with you and some more that won't, and that's the way the rest of life will be. Then you get to college, and things seem to be a little more open." A little, but not enough. Faced with this anatomy of melancholy, he opted for heavy anesthesia. He slept 16 and 18 hours a day.

Rinse Out, Please

In 1949, at the University of Chicago, like many another converted introvert, he woke up to performing. Wit's far more often a shield than a lance. Mike set up a complex of defenses that made him the fastest tongue in the Midwest. The second fastest was a hostile chick named Elaine May. It was love at first sight. "Elaine held me like an autistic child," Nichols remembers. The child bride he had taken at 19 was laid off. Elaine became a surrogate, although says Mike, "it was much too serious for marriage." And much too funny not to play it for audiences.

They began playing together in 1954, and by 1957 had improvised their way into national prominence as the mockingbirds of the American aviary. When they were around, no peacock, no eagle was secure. In their Broadway show, *An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May*, they did scenes in the style of O'Neill, and Bateman, Proust, Pirandello and Noel Coward. Each swatch of material had a shiny button—as when Nichols, playing an English dentist, leans over his beloved patient: "I knew even then that I loved you. There, I've said it. I do love you. Let's not talk about it for a moment. Rinse out, please."

Their rise was based on more than matched metabolism and high literacy. Their stagecraft was impeccable. Elaine had been a child actress, before Nichols & May were joined with Lee Strasberg. The guru of the Actors Studio had helped Mike along financially simply because he was overwhelmed by the kid's "earnestness and directness."

Saint Subber's Stomach

Richard Burton remembers meeting Nichols and May backstage when he was starring in *Camelot*. "Elaine was too formidable . . . one of the most intelligent, beautiful and witty women I had ever met. I hoped I would never see her again." Mike was less formidable, more agreeable. The mustard-colored eyes glistened, but the face had an unlined, almost feminine softness. The voice was as warm and resonant as a cello. Burton, who knows role playing when he sees it, was at first unconvinced by the proffered friendship and admiration. But eventually he enrolled Nichols in the Richard Burton fan club; it was an attachment that would one day pay off handsomely for Nichols.

Making up the act was a mutual



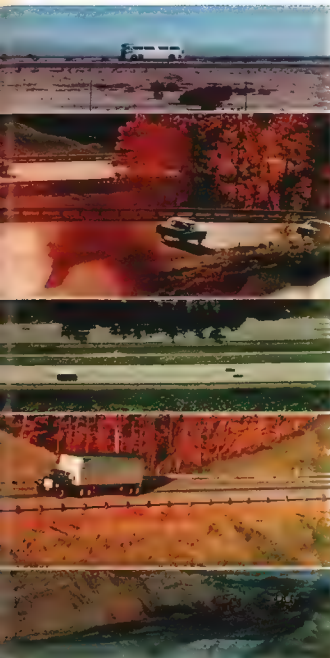
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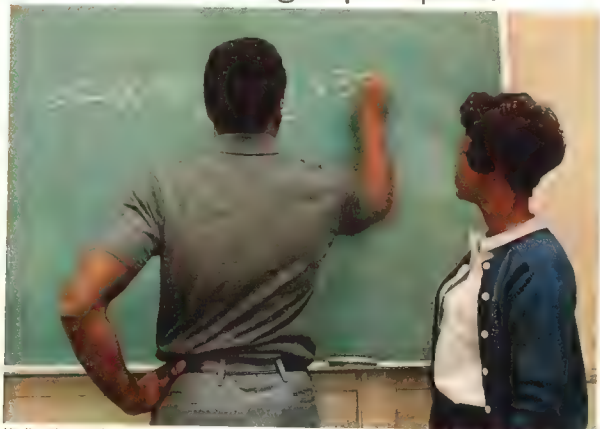
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idea, breaking it up in 1961 was Elaine's Closing the Broadway show, the comedians split amicably—only to rejoin when Elaine wrote *A Matter of Position*, a comedy starring Mike as a manic market researcher depressively afraid that people would hate him. They did. They also hated the play, which folded in Philadelphia after 17 performances. "It was not a pleasant experience," admits Mike. "I behaved very badly toward Elaine." She abandoned performing for about six years. Mike, as he says, "might have been Dick Cavett today" except for Saint Subber's stomach. The producer owned a play by a TV comedy writer named Neil Simon. He remembered a funnyman who might just be able to direct "Mike had misgivings and doubts," Saint Subber recalls. "He said, 'Why do you come to me?' I said, 'I chose you because I thought it out in my stomach. In the theater all you have are instincts.'"

Sharp Enough to Slice

Nichols remembers. "The first day of rehearsal, I knew, my God, this is it! It is as though you have one eye, and you're on a road and all of a sudden your eye lights up, and you look down and you know, 'I'm an engine'." An engine that could. The play was called *Barefoot in the Park*.

What made it a smash hit, and far more than an expanded honeymoons skit, was the Nichols style: timing, vibrance and a slavish attention to detail. Nichols and failure became antonyms. *Barefoot* was followed by *The Knack Luv* and *The Odd Couple*. The director came to resemble Somerset Maugham's *novice* novelist, Alroy Kear, who read that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains. "If that was all, he must have told himself, he could be a genius like the rest."

Producer Alexander Cohen still remembers with awe when Nichols called him one night to rage: "This theater is in total darkness!" One of the 30 lamps on the balcony rail was flickering. Saint

Subber's narrow freezes when he remembers Nichols' insistence that *The Odd Couple* set be repainted 24 hours before opening. When he cast *Barefoot*, Nichols was even more demanding. "Mike insisted on getting a real telephone man or a taxicab driver to play the telephone man," recalls Subber. "I thought this has to be a put-on. But I ended up getting a cab driver—and he is now an actor; Herb Edleman."

Though audiences could no longer feel it, Nichols' tongue was still sharp enough to slice. Richard Burton likes to retell the story of Walter Matthau "a frenetic soul, and he finally blew his stack at Nichols' *Odd Couple* direction 'You're emasculating me,' Walter cried 'Give me back my balls! From out front, Mike called back: 'Praps.'"

Mike was Burton's kind of boy. As the Liz-Dick scandal deepened during the filming of *Cleopatra*, Burton recalls, "Ninety percent of our friends avoided our eyes. Mike flew to Rome from New York to be with us." Nichols stayed by Elizabeth's side when Burton went off to make another film. Favors like that one remembers. In 1966, the Welshman and his lady were signed for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, and Elizabeth insisted on Nichols as director. Virginia Woolf could have been a mini-Cleopatra, but its below-the-belt punches intrigued critics and audiences. The second time out, with Dustin Hoffman and *The Graduate* he won it all, money, the Oscar, and freedom for his third film, *Catch-22*.

By then, his manipulation of actors had become a patented amalgam of ad lib and calculation. "He makes you feel kind of like a kite," says Hoffman. "He lets you go ahead, and you do your thing. And then when you've finished he pulls you in by the string. But at least you've had the enjoyment of the wind." To Richard Burton

He conspires with you to get the best from you." Buck Henry's appraisal is shrewder. "He tries to make you think that what he's telling you is your own idea."

Mike's idea for *Catch-22* began at Heller's beginning, in Italy. Production Designer Richard Sylbert and Producer John Calley began hunting for Heller's old base on the coast of Corsica. "We asked in our failing Italian, 'Where is World War II?'" Sylbert says. Answer: nowhere. The base had been wiped out by highways and refineries. It was not until they flew over a mountain range dubbed "Goat's Teats" near Guaymas, Mexico, that they found a place with what Sylbert called that "how-do-I-get-outta-here feeling." Nichols took one look and flipped.

Do You Think Natalie Wood?

He had decided that the main design of the film should be as circular as the dialogue: holes in walls, arches, bombs. There were other circles involved. *Catch-22* was a convergence of innumerable wheels. Jon Voight came to prominence playing opposite Dustin Hoffman in *Midnight Cowboy*, a job Hoffman would not have landed had he not been in Nichols' *The Graduate*, an assignment Hoffman won because of his excellence in the play *El* directed by Arkin. After playing Yossarian, Arkin was to direct *Little Murders*, by Jules Feiffer, who has written Nichols' next project, *Carroll Knowledge*.

To onlookers, journalists and occasional tourists, the interrelationships on the set seemed to be a piece-by-piece reassembly of a New York cocktail party in the Mexican boondocks. Nichols played chess, anagrams and his famous name games: "What did Cary Grant?" "Do you think Natalie Wood?" There were sexual hoofs: When Nichols wanted to record a special sound from Nurse Duckett, he had Arkin grab Paula Prentiss' thigh. Nichols, unnoticed, stood behind her and lunged for her breasts. "Mike was very happy with my boob," says Prentiss. "Then I was so overcome I had to go into a corner and be let alone. Whenever someone touches me I'm in love with him for about eight hours."

John Wayne came down, got snubbed

DIRECTING "THE GRADUATE"

NICHOLS WITH TAYLOR & BURTON IN "VIRGINIA WOOLF"



and drunk Nichols danced down an airplane runway with Candice Bergen, who had come to take pictures and write an article. Bob Newhart, the paranoid Major Major, replayed his stand-up routines. Perkins restaged his staircase scene from *Psycho*. And underneath, it was one of the tensest, most grueling areas since Anzio beach.

"Mike has a funny blind eye when he works," says Buck Henry. "He thinks everybody is always having a grand time. Everything may look rosy with a group of actors playing dirty-word games in the shade, but inside the command post the subtext is going on: an actor is on the verge of being fired; the lighting director isn't speaking to the director, someone's trying to negotiate with Orson Welles in Spain for the only phone on the base, which went

result totaled some \$15 million—much of it invisible on-screen. It will have to gross \$37.5 million before it turns a profit.

Even beyond Mexico, there remained a residue of despair. After four months of shooting in Guaymas, two months in Rome and a month in Los Angeles, Nichols confessed that he was "pregnant with a dead child." In everything he had previously accomplished, there had been an accretion of finicky brush strokes that became a character or a landscape. With *Catch-22*, there was a stripping away. He pared easy gags from the script. He erased nearly 300 extras because the picture "was beginning to look like *Twelve O'Clock High*." Sylbert was instructed to strip the sets bare, a warehouse became a room, a bed a radiator. On the set, characters

kind of insanity. Well, it's come true." Not literally—the fictional fugitive of 1944 had paid his dues; it is too facile to see him merely as a Viet Nam drop-out 25 years before his time. Calley regards the film as an extension of the 7 o'clock news. "Unfortunately," he says, "it seems that you can always count on the country to do things to keep a picture like this timely." Heller himself says, "When I saw the film I expected to be disappointed—after all, I had no part of it. But I saw what Mike had done. He didn't try to make it just an antiwar movie or an insane comedy. He caught its essence. He understood."

And All Ours

Apparently it is not all he understood. "You can't increase the size of your nature," Nichols says. "But you can be true to it." Gazing at the rear-view mirror, he confesses that a second look at *Virginia Woolf* "bored me. I hate the way it's photographed." *The Graduate*: "My eyes pass it as I look. It's like a blank place in my head."

As for the stage work back in the Broadway days, the harshest judgments come from a friend, Buck Henry, and an enemy, Scenarist William Goldman. Says Henry: "Mike is one of the most famous directors in the U.S., but he hasn't made one significant contribution to the theater. I think it's a fanatical waste of time, but he's crazy not to do *Pinter*. He should have done Joe Orton's farces. But Mike doesn't want to do anything badly. He takes a risk, but he takes a risk on things he knows he can do better than anyone else."

In his carping book *The Season* Goldman (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) devoted a whole chapter to Nichols sardonically entitled "Culture Hero." Wrote Goldman: "Nichols' work is frivolous—charming, light and tactically inconsequential. . . . What Nichols is is brilliant. Brilliant and trivial and self-serving and frigid. And all ours."

Let's Begin

Until *Catch-22*, Nichols' demur would have been as hollow as his hits. Abruptly, he has supplied his own defense. The film, he claims, perhaps too extravagantly, has "helped me discover how I want to live—I'm going to get rid of myself in stages." In any case the film has apparently made him demand more of himself professionally. Says Nichols, "It's come clear that you have to make your own statement. I'm well aware of the separation between what you say and do. But it has to be begun, so all I'm really saying is, 'Let's begin.'"

The speech has the ring of a World War II bombardier who has chosen a difficult—and perhaps impossible—way home. Will anyone call the way trivial and self-serving and frigid? If so, the only reply can be: "The knife came down, missing him by inches, and he took off."



ELAINE MAY & MIKE NICHOLS IN 1960 SKIT
Much too serious for marriage

through three Mexican cities on party lines.

Nichols decided that Stacy Keach, cast as Cathcart, was "too young and light for the part." The actor was spirited away at dawn. Keach, who distrusted the parochial atmosphere, now identifies Nichols with the psychotically ambitious Cathcart. "Psychologically," he says, "I saw him in that position. In fact, I think he should have played the role."

Taking My Life Tonight

Orson Welles arrived and began his lecture series: to Nichols on direction, to Films Editor Sam O'Steen on cutting, to actors on acting. But he consistently blew his lines and ended by being led through his readings by Nichols. When a B-25 roared over the compound and 18,000 sticks of dynamite ripped into buildings, huts and shacks, an actor forgot his lines. It was at times like this that Nichols would whisper to Buck Henry not quite facetiously: "You carry on, I'm taking my life tonight." The costs kept rising. The end

were dropped. In the cutting room, during eight months of editing, speeches were shaved. There was no musical score.

One afternoon, after three months in the dark, cluttered editing room, Nichols called to Calley. "Hey! I want you to come and look. I think I love it."

In its finished form, the movie contains several stylistic allusions to other film makers. *Catch-22*'s degenerate Roman tour is frankly Fellini. The airborne scenes have obvious overtones of Kubrick—indeed, Nichols bowed to his film-making friend by repeating a brief and thunderous musical theme from 2001. *Catch*'s galvanic jumps in time owe much to Richard Lester. Still, the film has the force of a source—the kind of work that other film makers will soon be quoting.

To a degree, the film's premonitory quality is a result of externals. Says Henry: "Heller was writing about a man who finally decided to opt out and who, in the end, ends up in Sweden. That was a total absurdity when he wrote it in 1961, a really far-out

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SPORT

Inside Baseball

Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn was hopping mad. This is a horrible piece of writing!" he fumed at Houston Astro Pitcher Jim Bouton, author of a new book called *Ball Four*. According to sources close to the commissioner's office, Kuhn went on "You've done the game a grave disservice. Saying players kissed on the Seattle team bus—'incredible!' Or that some of our greatest stars were drunk on the field. What can you be thinking of?"

Well, ahem, says Bouton, he was thinking of "social commentary, an honest book that tells what baseball is really like." Kuhn, apparently, is not big



JIM BOUTON
Jim who?

on social commentary, and last week he ordered Bouton not to write another word about baseball as long as he remained an active player. In light of Bouton's pitching performances this season—two wins, three losses, an ERA of 7.02—the warning may not stay in effect for very long. In any case, *Ball Four* (World Publishing Co.: \$6.95), a diary of the author's ups and downs with the New York Yankees, the Seattle Pilots and the Astros, tells all. As serialized in *Look*, the insider's view of the national pastime is the hottest thing to hit the clubhouse since "greemies," the pep pills that Bouton says are used by half the players to perk up their game. Several big-leaguers need'd more than greemies to keep from turning red when asked about the book St. Louis Cardinal Pitcher Bob Gibson. "He stabbed his friends in the back for money," Astro First Baseman Joe Pepitone. "Why didn't he write that he is the horniest guy in baseball?" Mickey Mantle. "Jim who?"

Other players have written "inside"

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books on baseball, yet none has created more of a furor than Bouton's "muck-stirrer," as one sportswriter calls it. The reason seems to be that players do not mind being knocked for their playing; it's talking about their playing around off the field that they object to.

Bouton tells, for instance, of "beaver shooting," which in his words "can be anything from peering over the top of the dugout to look up dresses to hanging from the fire escape on the 20th floor of some hotel to look into a window, I've seen guys chin themselves on transoms, drill holes in doors, even shove mirrors under a door." When Bouton was with the Yankees, he recalls how Mickey Mantle used to lead hunting parties to the roof of the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C. "One of the first big thrills I had with the Yankees," he reports, "was joining about half the club on the roof of the Shoreham at 2:30 in the morning. I remember saying to myself, 'So this is the big leagues.' As for kissing on the Seattle team bus, well, that was just part of another little game called playing the pansy."

Mud Ball. To anyone who ever lived in a college dorm or an Army barracks, Bouton's tales are not all that scandalous. Bowie Kuhn and the players' side fans will find *Ball Four* a fast, flip and often funny account of the author's struggle to stay in the big leagues as a knuckleballing pitcher after losing his high hard one (Bouton won 21 games for the Yankees of 1963). To be sure, he gets his digs in along the way. He tells of Mantle showing up for a game "hung over out of his mind" and pushing little kids aside who wanted his autograph; of white umpires deliberately trying to embarrass Negro Umpire Emmett Ashford. He tells, too, of the way former Yankee Pitcher Whitey Ford conspired to load the ball with mud, or scuff it with a ring. "Ford," explains Bouton, "could make a mud ball drop, sail, break in, break out and sing *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*."

To charges that such revelations undermine the sacred image of baseball, Bouton answers "Fans are fed a constant stream of hull about these clean-cut, All-America guys. Let kids start thinking about some real heroes instead of phony heroes." What riles Bouton most of all is the accusation that he makes everyone look bad except himself. "Good God," he says. "I'm in there most of all I'm bare-assed naked in a swimming pool at a Hollywood party with martini in both hands, shouting for joy. How's that for self-image?"

Now 31, Bouton is ready to suffer the consequences for saying that baseball stars are human. After his meeting with Kuhn last week, he reflected "I figure I've cut my career short by at least three years. If you're a marginal player who's done what I've done, you've got a fine chance to be cut from the squad." Or cut down. "I expect to be punched out one of these days. It's just a matter of time, I suppose."

Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

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This is one of a series of 16-31 reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments and power tools for 28 basic markets.



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THE PRESS

23 Captured, One Dead

The toll of correspondents continues to rise in Cambodia. Last week eight more—three American, one Japanese—were added to the 15 already missing or captured. Another U.S. reporter, CBS's George Sylvester, was killed.

Pursuing a rumor that "something is up down south," NBC Correspondent Welles Hagen and a camera crew left Phnom-Penh one morning last week, close behind a Jeep and a Mercedes carrying Sylvester, CBS Reporter-Producer Gerald Miller and their crew. Unlike Viet Nam, where intelligence information is relatively good, the situation in Cambodia is fluid and newsmen are virtually on their own. When the two groups came to the last roadblock of Cambodian soldiers, they presumably flashed their press cards and headed on, unaware that North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops had moved into the area. The convoy had gone only a mile or so when the soldiers at the checkpoint heard an explosion and bursts of small-arms fire. Two days later, when Cambodian troops moved forward, they found the burned-out Jeep and five fresh graves. The body of Sylvester was in one of them; the other four were not identified. Fortunately, the driver of Hagen's car escaped his captors to report back in Phnom-Penh that the NBC correspondent and his crew were alive.

Sylvester, tall, bespectacled and assured, had worked seven years with the Associated Press in New York, Poland and Moscow before joining CBS in 1966. Lately, as a correspondent in the network's Tokyo bureau, he had been spending one month out of every three

in the war zone. Not reluctantly, Sylvester had a reputation for spunk. TIME's Rome bureau chief James Bell, particularly remembers him in 1963 when Nikita Khrushchev was meeting with Dean Rusk in Pitsunda on the Black Sea. "The Soviet security people tried to throw us out," Bell recalls. "We were rescued by Nikita himself who dressed down the guards, said we were his personal guests and could do anything we liked. So George calmly walked over to one of the hot lines to the Kremlin, and while the security men gasped, gave the operator the A.P. number in Moscow. In 15 seconds he was dictating his story. 'Good communications here,' he observed as he hung up. Then he stripped, borrowed a pair of Nikita's enormous swimming trunks, and went for a swim."

Mad as a Maddox

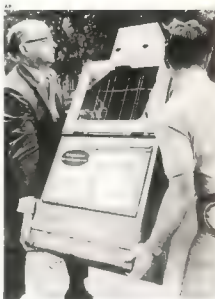
Sticks and stones, not to mention ax handles, may break your bones, but words can get you a lot madder. Especially if you are Georgia Governor Lester Maddox, and you are running for re-election, sort of, as Lieutenant Governor.* And more especially if the words are those of the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Journal*, which have been arguing against a special session of the legislature this summer.

Maddox called the session to amend state government financing procedures. In the long run, the proposed change should save the state money, but the *Constitution* and the *Journal* questioned the urgency and warned that the special session itself could be costly. The papers even suggested that Candidate Maddox might just be grandstanding.

Maddox? Grandstanding? As if to prove that nothing could be farther from his mind, the Governor labeled the papers' editorial writers "lying devils and dirty dogs" and then personally helped remove 29 *Constitution-Journal* vending boxes from state government grounds. He called for an advertising boycott against the "leftist management of the fishwrappers," urged readers to stop buying the papers until they "apologize to the people of Georgia," and announced that he would picket the papers' offices. Maddox acknowledged that his boycott and picketing gambits were inspired by the civil rights movement. "If it works for them," he said, "I think it will work much better for me because I'm right."

The *Constitution* and *Journal* reacted indignantly. A front-page editorial in the papers' combined Sunday issue recently noted that they were old hands at being picketed. "The Ku Klux Klan has been here any number of times, and a scrofulous bunch of youthful toughs the FBI later picked up in the

* Georgia law bars a Governor from succeeding himself.



BANISHING VENDING MACHINE
Lying devils and dirty dogs

Jewish temple bombing. Then there was Snick and CORE and, more recently, the S.D.S. Not to mention the anti-fluoridationists, the women's liberationists and the Committee to Stomp Out the Fire Ant." Newspapers, the editorial continued, can be measured by the enemies they make. "We are proud of ours. So, welcome, Governor."

That Party at Lenny's

Where has Tom Wolfe been lately? It has been almost seven years since he burst into *Esquire* and the *Herald Tribune* with all those exclamation points and sound-affected sentences about custom cars in California and the Fifth Beagle and that time when Phil Spector made them stop the airplane and let him off because he knew—Spector knew!—it was going to crash. And it has been a year and a half since the publication—on the same day!—of *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* and *The Pump House Gang*, and that's a lot of low profile for the wunderkind of the New Journalism.

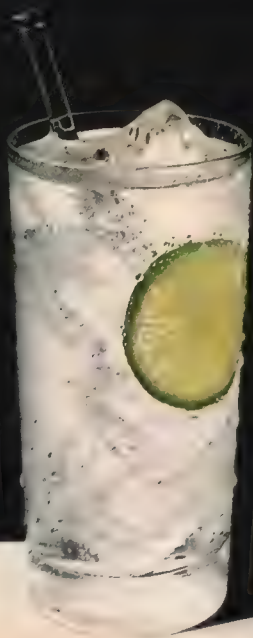
Wolfe's been around. He's been editing one book, writing another and—in those ice-cream suits and wild shirts of his—making the usual rounds of those Beautifully Peopled parties in New York. And thereby hangs the tale of his takeover last week of the entire issue of *New York* magazine with an article entitled "Radical Chic: That Party at Lenny's." Pop sociology is what it is all about—the sudden enthusiasm among the fun people to have their own Worst Enemies, Black Panthers, Grape Strikers and such, in for cocktails. Confrontation now! The party at Lenny's, of course, was that fund-raising seven-to-niner for the Panthers at the Park Avenue duplex of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bernstein (dress informal). To Wolfe fans, the 20,000-plus word



SYLVESTER IN VIET NAM, 1968
Reputation for spunk.

THE RUM & TONIC.

IT'S A GIN & TONIC MADE WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



We know what you think it tastes like. But that's not what it tastes like.

If you like your tonic with gin or vodka, you're certain to like it with rum. And, probably better.

Some of the tonic tartness is gone, so it tastes a little smoother. That's what the rum does. At least that's what Puerto Rican Rum does.

It's not dark and sweet and syrupy like rum from some other countries.

Ours is light and clear and dry. With no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try the taste. You make it like a gin & tonic but make it with Puerto Rican Rum.

You'll believe what we're saying when you've heard it from your own mouth.

PUERTO RICAN RUM

The Other Computer

- Them:
- 1 They have a complete line of business computer hardware.
 - 2 They have scientific computers
 - 3 They have a wide variety of peripheral and communications gear
 - 4 They have time-sharing
 - 5 They have data preparation devices and supplies.
 - 6 They offer good performance per dollar
 7. They're big, really big



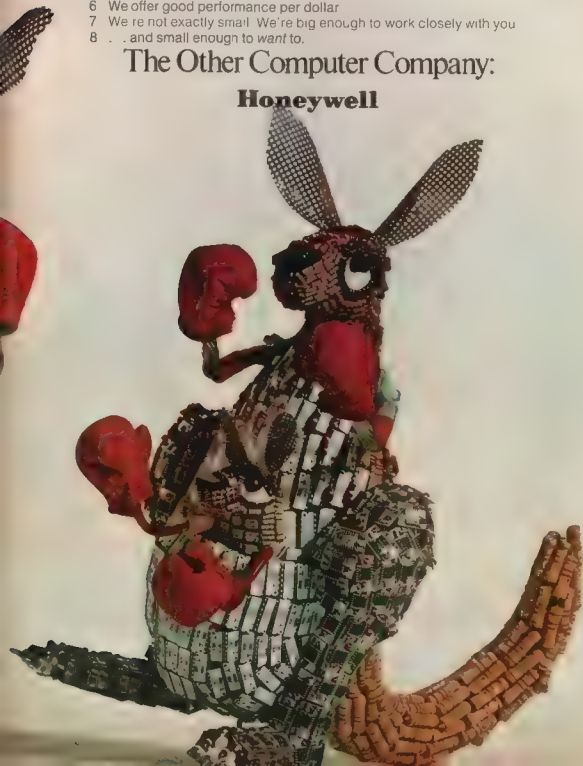
Sculpture by Jack N. Rindner

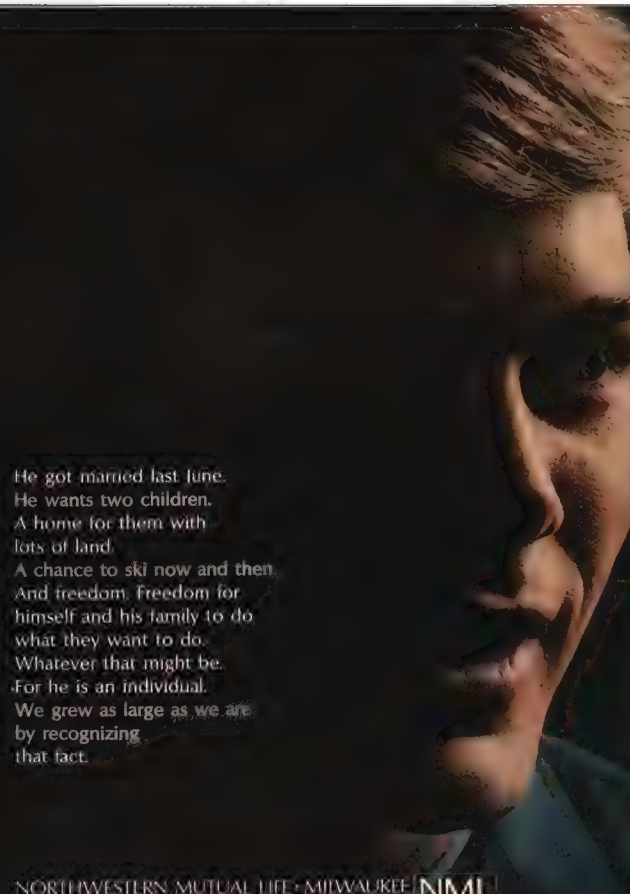
Company vs. Mr. Big.

- Us:
- 1 We have a complete line of business computer hardware
 - 2 We have scientific computers.
 - 3 We have a wide variety of peripheral and communications gear
 - 4 We have time-sharing
 - 5 We have data preparation devices and supplies.
 - 6 We offer good performance per dollar
 - 7 We're not exactly small. We're big enough to work closely with you
 - 8 . . . and small enough to *want* to.

The Other Computer Company:

Honeywell





He got married last June.
He wants two children.
A home for them with
lots of land.
A chance to ski now and then.
And freedom. Freedom for
himself and his family to do
what they want to do.
Whatever that might be.
For he is an individual.
We grew as large as we are
by recognizing
that fact.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE • MILWAUKEE

NML

World's largest company specializing in individual life insurance.

portrait of sophisticated slumming at home will be a classic. To his detractors, a category that must now include just about everyone at the Bernsteins' that night—it will be a scandal.

Spic and Span. As ever, Wolfe prefers fangs to hatchets. "The Panther women are trucking on into the Bernsteins' Chinese yellow duplex, amid the sconces, silver bowls full of white and lavender anemones and uniformed servants serving drinks and Roquefort cheese morsels rolled in crushed outs." Then down come the incisors. "But it's all right. They're white servants, not Claude and Maud, but South Americans. Obviously, if you are giving a party for



THE BERNSTEINS & PANTHER DON COX
Having the enemies in for cocktails

the Black Panthers . . . you can't have a Negro butler and maid." But then Felicia Bernstein (Felicia Montenegro, that was) is from Chile, with a real knack for finding nonblack Latin American servants, not only for herself but for her friends. "The Bernsteins are so generous about it," says Wolfe, "that people refer to them as 'the Spic and Span Employment Agency,' with an easygoing ethnic humor, of course."

Wolfe reverts to his Ph.D. (in American Studies, Yale) to explain what Radical Chic is all about. Publicity, he says, has been the traditional short cut for "New York's social parvenus" on their way to Society. And nowadays there's no publicity like social-conscience publicity, especially if it is black and beautiful. "What a relief it was socially in New York," writes Wolfe, "when the leadership seemed to shift from middle class to . . . *junky!* From A. Philip Randolph, Dr. Martin Luther King and James Farmer . . . to Stokely, Rap, Iceberg and Eldridge."

Thus, in addition to the debacle at the

Seagram's Benchmark. Measure your Bourbon against it.

The meaning of the word Benchmark:
"that which others are measured against."

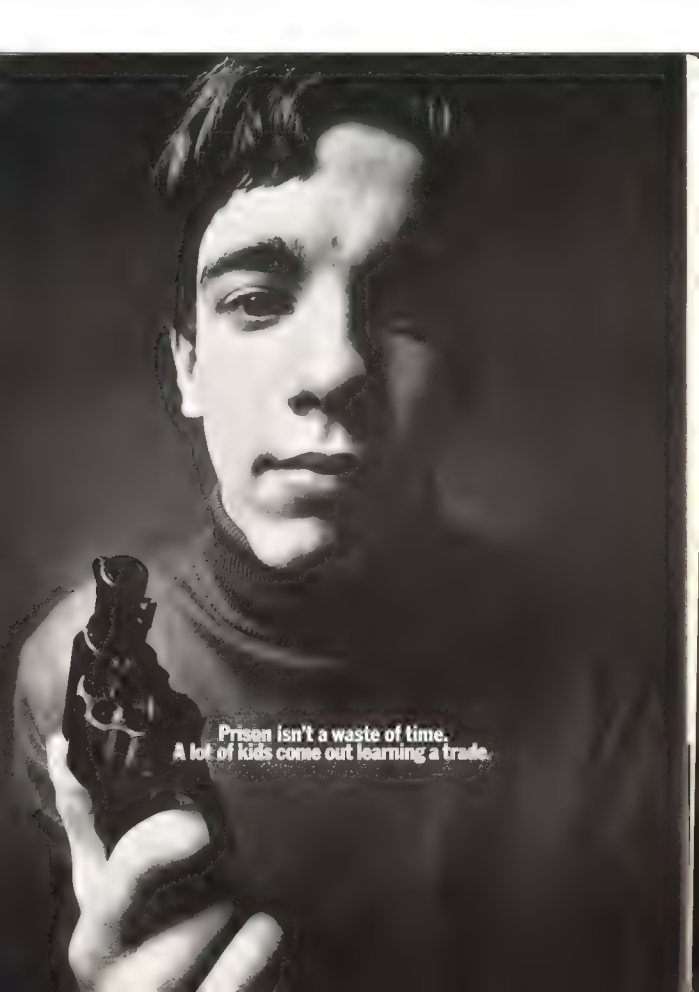
Take us up on our challenge—and
measure your Bourbon against Benchmark.

We think you'll find that all the
craftsmanship and skill and old-fashioned
care that go into it do make a difference.

A measurable one.



Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 86 Proof Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Louisville Ky



Prison isn't a waste of time.
A lot of kids come out learning a trade.

Prison is a good place for murderers, thieves and drug pushers.

Unfortunately, it's also a good place to become a murderer, a thief or a drug pusher.

And that's just what's happening.

Every year, thousands of young men and women are arrested and sent to prison for petty larceny or smoking pot or joy-riding in a stolen car.

And every year thousands of kids with a little problem on their minds come out of jail with a big chip on their shoulders.

Kids who once might have been helped by us are now beyond the help of anyone.

The answer isn't prison reform. Because the answer isn't prison.

These kids don't need punishment. They need treatment.

By a social worker. Or a psychiatrist. Or a trained counselor. Or a community center for job development and training.

The National Council on Crime and Delinquency is an organization that's working to prevent juvenile delinquents from becoming adult ones.

Keeping problem children from becoming problem adults isn't just a matter of building a few playgrounds.

We need more understanding. We need more volunteers.

We need more money.

Please send all three to The National Council on Crime and Delinquency, 44 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

And please hurry.

Every day, kids are being sent to prison to learn a lesson they'll never forget.

This advertisement was prepared by Daniel & Charles, Inc. It was written by Laurence Dunst, art directed by Murray Smith and photographed by Arnold Beckerman.

Bernstein's. Radical Chic brought on the party that Assemblyman Andrew Stein gave for a few striking Mexican-American grape workers on his father's estate in Southampton. The select "all stood there in their Pucci dresses, Gucci shoes, Capucci scarves. The wind had come up off the ocean and it was wrecking everybody's hair. People were standing there with their hands pressed against their heads as if the place had been struck by a brain-piercing ray from the Purple Dimension." And in Wolfe's view, it is Radical Chic that prompts the Carter Burdens "to groove, as they say, with the Young Lords and other pet primitives from Harlem and Spanish Harlem and at the same time fit into all the old main-

line events such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art's 100th anniversary gala and he photographed doing the new boogaloo."

Wolfe notes not only the rise of the invite-a-Panther-to-cocktails phase of Radical Chic, but what is probably its fall. The party at Lenny's was followed by a scathing editorial in the *New York Times*. Slander would be preferable to Wolfe's compassion for the traumatized Bernsteins. "It was unbelievable," he writes of Lenny's reaction to the post-party furor. "Cultivated people, intellectuals, were characterizing him as 'a masochist' and—and this was the really cruel part—as 'the David Susskind of American Music'."

THE THEATER

The Alienated Seducer

Where stands Don Juan in the sexual revolution? Like Faust, he is one of the archetypes of Western culture—snapping his fingers at human decency and God's law, acting out man's secret fantasy of seduction as a way of life. Punishment was necessary, of course; hell ultimately yawns for him in many of the legend's countless versions, with a macabre assist from a stone statue stamping after him for vengeance. A sense of wickedness, though depends on an accepted set of rules and values. In the permissive, post-Christian world, the idea of seduction as sin is definitely dated.

Thus, it is all the more creditable that Director Robert Brustein and the Yale Repertory Theater have produced a version of Molière's *Don Juan* that is significant to a contemporary audience. As George Bernard Shaw pointed out, the prototypical Don Juan was proposed in legend as the enemy of God, and Translator Kenneth Cavender uses this phrase as the play's subtitle, instead of Molière's "The Feast of the Statue." Brustein goes further, presenting the Don as not merely a sex-obsessed hound-supremacist womanizing his way to damnation, but as a supernatural embodiment of alienated man, offered up as an atoning sacrifice. This quasi-religious element is pointed up by a Prologue-Epilogue that frames Molière's play—a blackish Mass wherein sinister cowed figures sacrifice a goat. The animal's corpse on the altar diminishes his bloody stages throughout the action, as Don Juan moves on to his own final holocaust in a cataclysm of light and sound.

Chillingly Sexless. The play also is vivified by the extraordinary performance in the title role of Alvin Epstein, one of the Yale Repertory directors. He hates. His eyes glitter with refrigerated rage at everyone, including himself. In an elegant, Hamletesque black doublet, his body is rigid with a tension that can never find release—even



EPSTEIN AS DON JUAN & CONQUEST
Hatred instead of lust.

in the contemptuous dalliances that occupy his time. He talks constantly of his freedom, but he is incapable of breaking through into the real, accepting freedom of love. His only power is to destroy whatever he can touch—the innocent troth of a country girl, his own wife's selfless devotion, his father's love, a servant's self-respect. His obsessive sexuality is chillingly sexless.

The Yale Repertory's theater was once a church, and Brustein has exploited its dark interior to augment the play's supernatural dimension—even to the otiose point of having important speeches delivered from the pulpit. The electronic sound effects that thump and mutter portentously reflect not so much Nowness as good, old gothic hokum. But these mechanical excesses hardly detract from a vibrant updating of the quintessential symbol of love 'em and leave 'em. The presentation deserves to be left in New Haven.

FOR WHAT THESE TWO YOU COULD BE ON NETWORK

Don't imagine that this is going to be an argument against magazines.

On the contrary. Would we be talking to you from a magazine if we didn't think magazines were worth it? Actually, this isn't going to be an argument at all.

We'll just present a couple of facts about network radio and ask you to draw your own conclusions.

First of all, do you know what a radio network is?

A recent inquiry about the first advertisement in this series complained that we never really explained network radio. Sorry.

Network radio is a system of communication in which many radio stations are linked together electronically to carry programming from a single source.



The stations are called "affiliates." Each week, they carry a certain amount of network programming, which may consist of:

1. News and special events coverage of a far more extensive scope than most stations could afford to originate for themselves

2. Information and lighter features of many kinds

3. Household names like Arthur Godfrey, Walter Cronkite, Dear Abby, Frank Gifford, of whom there is only one each

This programming provides the environment for advertisers' messages.

Network radio spans the nation

The CBS Radio Network, for example, is made up of 247 affiliates. You'll find them listed above our name, over on the right.



Fact #1. For what these two pages would cost you, you could be on network radio for a good chunk of time.

This ad is part of a series we've been running in the following publications.

Look magazine (in which a black & white bleed spread like this costs \$82,500), *Time* magazine (\$53,800), *Newsweek* magazine (\$33,100), *Sports Illustrated* magazine (\$31,400)

Add. Divide by four. And there's your average—\$50,200

For under that price:

- You can have six 30-second spots a week on the CBS Radio Network for a total of eight weeks.
- Or co-sponsor Walter Cronkite or Harry Reasoner every day, five days a week, for eight weeks.
- Or let Dear Abby tackle your problems five days a week for nine weeks.
- Or buy out the lion's share in our coverage of a continuing news event, as Datsun did for the suspense-filled eight days of April 13.
- Or some other combination, for a length of time your CBS Radio Network account man will gladly specify.



Benefit.

If we hadn't promised to stick with hard facts, we'd trundle out just about here all the intangible image/brand-identification benefits that come to advertisers who run the high-frequency sustained campaigns network radio is so good at.

But a promise is a promise.



Fact #2. The reach of network radio is going to shock you. Or at least surprise you.

Network radio stations reach 71 million different people 18 and over every week.

Stop to calculate a second. 71 million people means 55 6' of all adults.

To reach those 71 million different people, of course, you'd have to be on all network radio stations all day for a week. Even we don't have the nerve to suggest that.

But you might like to know what kind of reach a modest investment like \$39,000 can buy you.

For \$39,000 you can, for example, get a 20-plan (20 one-minute spots, nicely distributed throughout the day and week) on the CBS Radio Network, plus a similar plan on another network.

That combination will have you talking to as many as 23.6 million different adults every week.

23.6 million people over 18. That's 48% more than you can get with a commercial minute on the average primetime network TV program.

Yet the cost is 19% less.

Bonus.

On network radio, you'll get to talk to those 23.6 million different people an average of 3.1 times each.

Sources: SRDS, NTI, RADAR-Spr '69, Ad Age 6 '34/69 & 2/23/70. Clearance estimate based on station sales factors. Other network radio costs CBS estimates. Audience estimates are subject to qualification which CBS will supply on request.

MGB/GT '70

It's like the man who drives it. The exception rather than the rule.



Here's the one GT that isn't aimed at the ordinary man. Its new mag-style wheels, radiat-ply tires, and sophisticated recessed millwork reflect someone who intuitively understands the grand touring spirit. Someone who looks for luxuries like molded bucket seats and pile carpeting. And driving features that make the rules. Like the 1796 cc. MG engine, rack-and-pinion steering, and race-proven suspension. That's the MGB/GT '70. The exceptional car for the exceptional man.



For overseas delivery information, write British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07635.



BUSINESS

A Bear Market for Brokers

THE stock market looked somewhat more cheerful last week than when the Dow-Jones industrial average scraped its late-May low of 631, but Wall Street's brokers were still gloomy about their own private profit squeeze. In the long bear market, the brokerage houses suffered more severely than most of the firms in whose shares they deal. The capital-to-debt ratio of three out of the 25 largest brokerage houses was so low in recent weeks that the New York Stock Exchange has been pressuring them to trim expenses by dropping employees and reducing salaries. Many firms have laid off 10% to 15% of their staffs without announcement, and young men are leaving the Street to look for more secure jobs. Several firms are trying to save money by subletting some of the space in their new, more expensive quarters. The price of a seat on the exchange, which is a sensitive index of the profitability of the brokerage business, has fallen to \$170,000 from a high of \$515,000 one year ago.

Sensible Match. Wall Street's depression has also led to a rash of merger discussions: strong firms are trying to acquire weaker ones, and undercapitalized houses are wooing those that are better financed. During the 15 months ending April 1, the number of New York Stock Exchange member firms declined from 646 to 612, largely through mergers. Recently, Dean Witter & Co. agreed to take over San Francisco-based J. Barth & Co., and Clark, Dodge acquired the West Coast brokerage firm of Irving Lundborg & Co. Last week Halle & Steglitz announced that it would take over five offices of Orvis Brothers & Co. in the Manhattan area, and Charles Plohn & Co. said that it would economize by transferring its stock-clearing operations to Axclrod & Co.

In one of the biggest deals of all, Francis I. du Pont & Co., which had a \$7.7 million operating loss last year, agreed to merge with Gloré Forgan Stauts, Inc. Du Pont, the U.S.'s third largest retail brokerage house, offers a valuable distribution system—a national network of offices with many customers—for the new securities issues that are a major part of Gloré Forgan's business. As a cost-saving measure, Du Pont in the past year has been forced to pare back from 111 branch offices to 95. It will now absorb 20 Gloré Forgan of-

fices. More important, Du Pont will add some \$18 million to its \$62.5 million capital—an infusion that it sorely needs. Though Du Pont's 13-to-1 ratio of capital to liabilities is well within legal limits, it is right at the point where the New York Stock Exchange begins to take an active interest in a firm's problems.

Concerned Chairman. The hard-pressed brokerage houses are also getting help from the stock exchanges, which plan to begin cooperating closely for the first time. Last week Robert

houses that have part of their own capital invested in speculative stocks—a risky practice that the SEC might do well to curb. Budge spoke out strongly in favor of proposed legislation to create a federal insurance corporation for brokerages along the lines of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation for banks. Congress seems eager to set up something of the sort to prevent investors from getting stung if their brokerage houses go over the brink. Thus, for all the pain it has caused, the long bear market may lead to new rules to protect the investor, and establish a stronger and better-run brokerage business.



EXCHANGE CHIEFS SAUL & HAACK
Help for the harried investor.

Haack, president of the aristocratic New York Stock Exchange, and Ralph Saul, president of the younger and more innovative American Stock Exchange, announced a program to end much costly duplication. Under the new plan, the two exchanges will share many of the same computer facilities, and Amex stocks will be included in the Big Board's central certificate service, an automated system for handling stock transactions. The cooperation will extend down to the clerical levels and may eventually result in a merger of the two exchanges. Economic necessity forced the moves—the exchanges have also been hurt by the bear market. But by reducing costs, a pay-off, and increasing efficiency, the changes should aid the brokerage houses as well.

For all this help, some weaker brokerage houses are still likely to go under. Last week Hamer Budge, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, said that at least 35 houses have failed in the past two years. Others that are now vulnerable include

THE ECONOMY Jobs and Jawbone

President Nixon has made it clear that he thinks his economic policies will be in trouble if unemployment reaches 5½%. That was just about the average jobless rate during the early 1960s, when the Democrats were in power, and that is what Nixon calls "the critical number." Last week the Labor Department reported that unemployment rose too close to the critical zone in May, increasing from 4.8% to 5% of the nation's work force.

Hurt worst were full-time workers, mostly blue-collar whites on whom Nixon counts for political support. All together 270,000 jobs were lost last month, including 100,000 because of rubber, trucking and construction strikes. Now the great question vexing Nixon's policymakers is whether the figures will become much worse. The President's chief economist, Paul McCracken, still declines to call the current slump a recession (his own word is "recedence"), and he insists that the economy will bottom out at about its present level.

If it does not, the Government could work against a further unemployment rise by drifting into a bigger budget deficit or expanding the money supply faster. But the Federal Reserve Board, which was forced to pump out money in the past two months to avoid a grave shortage in the banking system, lately has been gently reducing the rate of increase. In order to give the board more room to expand money without bringing about further inflation, many of Nixon's advisers—and Congress—have been prodding him to adopt some form of "jawboning" or wage-price guidelines. At week's end, the President was pondering just that, and it seemed more likely than ever that he would soon take a more active role in waging a fight against rising prices.



SEOUL S CHOSUN

MADRID'S MELIA CASTILLA (MODEL)
Take a reservation clerk to lunch.

RIO S NACIONAL

World Hotels: Little Room and Big Boom

THE golden age of tourism and business travel has drawn the world's innkeepers into a building spree. Led by aggressive U.S. chains, hotel expansion is honing competition in dozens of countries, and the travel boom is transforming entire economies. The construction spurge is aimed not only at American travelers, who are booking foreign tours in rising numbers despite the domestic economic slowdown, but also at travel-hungry Asians and Europeans.

Economical jet travel has helped lift the demand for accommodations so rapidly that hotelmen in many countries are swamped with business. Without much exaggeration, French National Tourist officials insist that not a single hotel room will be available in Paris until after October's auto show. London hotels are so packed that companies in need of space for executives cozy up to room clerks by treating them to elaborate lunches. Greek hotelmen are braced for a 30% increase in tourism this summer. The lure of Expo 70 has not only jammed Japanese hostels, but contributed to a squeeze in Singapore, 3,000 miles away.

Motels for Europe. The building rush to meet this demand is most apparent in Europe. Five new hotels will open in London this year, another 30 are due to transform the city's skyline by 1975. Amsterdam is adding 50% to its hotel capacity. In France, where 60% of the hotel space was built before 1914, hotelmen foresee a spurt of construction in Paris and along the Côte d'Azur. The Soviet Union opened a new hotel for foreign tourists this spring at the Black Sea resort of Sochi, will open a second in Leningrad this summer, and is putting up three more in Moscow. In Hong Kong, about 3,500 hotel rooms are under construction.

Every major U.S. hotel chain is expanding fast overseas. In more foreign places than ever before, travelers this

year will be cooled by U.S.-style air conditioning, mellowed by martinis and sustained by steaks at hotels with such reassuringly familiar names as Hilton Sheraton, Inter-Continental and Holiday Inn. "We reckon the opportunities abroad, particularly in Europe and Latin America, are as great for us as they were in America when we started in the '50s," says Kemmons Wilson, chairman of the 1,200-unit chain of Holiday Inns. Having opened its first European inn two years ago at Leiden, The Netherlands, the company is building 15 more in Belgium, England, Austria, Italy, Germany, Portugal, Greece and Luxembourg; it is also drawing plans for an additional 47. Esso Motor Hotels, a subsidiary of Jersey Standard, already has 41 outlets in Europe and expects to have 70 soon.

Finding Money. The airlines are particularly active hotel builders. Inter-Continental, which is owned by Pan American World Airways, is building in Prague and Bucharest, and this month the 360-room Duna Inter-Continental opened in Budapest. Hilton International, which is owned by Trans World Airlines, this year will add four more hotels from Abu Dhabi to Zurich to its chain of 51 in 33 countries. United Air Lines plans to acquire Seattle-based Western International Hotels to form another formidable travel and lodging combine. An American Airlines subsidiary has just opened the 21-story Chosun in Seoul.

The scarcity and high cost of money in the U.S. have barely affected the overseas hotel surge. Both Hilton and Inter-Continental use local partners as sources of funds. Loew's followed that pattern in London by taking a lease on the Churchill, a luxurious hotel that opened last month. Sheraton is building a

200-room luxury hotel in Munich as part of an \$865 million expansion program backed by the huge resources of its parent, International Telephone and Telegraph. Sheraton's 1,000-room hotel in Paris' Montparnasse, due to open in 1974, will be France's largest; the company is also erecting hotels in Stockholm and Buenos Aires. José Melia, Spain's largest hotel operator, is also building the 1,000-room Melia Castilla, in Madrid. Some governments follow Berlin's example by giving tax concessions on tourist construction. Results vary: 25 hotels are under way in Singapore while three are rising in Rio de Janeiro, including the circular Nacional, a 38-story tower.

While U.S. hotelmen build almost entirely for the luxury market abroad,

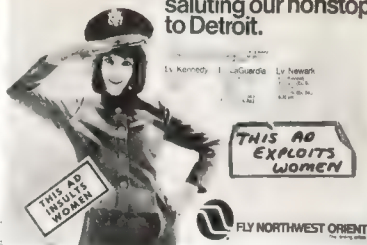
A Guide to the

Despite widespread building, good-quality hotel space is scarce and in some cities virtually unobtainable without early reservations. A summer sampler of tourist centers abroad

CITY	AVAILABILITY	PRICES*
EUROPE & NEAR EAST		
Amsterdam	Tight	\$10-30
Athens	Tight	10-30
Berlin	Easy	15-25
Brussels	Easy	17-26
Copenhagen	Very tight	10-30
Dublin	Tight	12-28
Geneva	Tight	10-25
Hamburg	Easy	20-30
London	Very tight	18-40
Madrid	Very tight	12-20

* Prices in left column are for modest rooms, and in right column for top accommodations in a luxury hotel. (Only "De Luxe" accommodations are available.)

Generals are saluting our nonstops to Detroit.



STICKERS DEFACING MANHATTAN BILLBOARD
Seduction can be irksome.

they place less emphasis on ornate décor than on such modern conveniences as escalators and automatic elevators. TV sets in rooms and ice-cube machines in corridors. Construction costs overseas—\$30,000 to \$40,000 per room—are as high as in many U.S. cities, and few new U.S. hotels abroad match the grand luxe service of the best of the older foreign-owned hotels. But traveling Americans like U.S.-style hotels for their informality, speedy check-in, reliable phone service and fast meals. Europeans, who have been accustomed to more elegance, unction and *hante cuisine*, also seem to fancy the same American touches. Hilton's steakhouse in Paris—to which beef is flown from the U.S.—is often so crowded with French patrons that hotel guests cannot get a table.

Georg Walterepiel, co-owner of Munich's famed old Vier Jahreszeiten, predicts that new U.S. hotels will create "murderous competition in the top class." To meet the American competition, five foreign airlines—BOAC, British European Airways, Lufthansa, Alitalia and Swissair—have teamed up with the London investment banking house of S.G. Warburg and four European banks to form European Hotel Corp. The combine plans \$50 million worth of hotels for the neglected low-price end of the market in London, Paris, Rome, Frankfurt, Munich and Zurich. The American challenge last month prompted a merger by two of Britain's hotel giants, Forte's and Trust Houses into one of Europe's largest operations. Complains Chairman Charles Forte: "Too many people are dashing into the hotel business thinking it's easy money. They pounce our top-class men and damage the industry."

Competition has become so fierce that some London hoteliers have taken to

writing glowing references for deadbeats on their staffs. They have managed to unload many on American rivals. One well-recommended doorman hired by a U.S. hotel turned out to be a real liability: he spent his spare time slashing the tires of cars that he had just parked.

ADVERTISING

Liberating Women

Leaders of the women's liberation movement have shown a penchant for oddball causes—from ban-the-bras to communal child rearing—that leave many women cold. Now the liberationists have trained their ire on a new target: the distorted image of women in advertisements. And this time the militants are gaining wide support among women.

Agency executives are understandably concerned, partly because women are by far the biggest buyers of packaged goods. To plumb the depths of discontent, Balton, Barton, Durstine & Osborn conducted long interviews with 19 feminists, including writers, a photographer and Wall Street workers. The primary complaint was against the generally *surreal* role of women in ads. Though nearly one-half of American women hold jobs, they are still depicted in many ads as scatterbrained homebodies, barely able to cope with piles of soiled laundry, dirty sinks and other mundane minutiae. In most of these ads, men instruct, while women do the servants' work. This, the feminists argued, only reinforces the idea of women's dependency on men.

Another grievance concerned the use of seductive poses or femininity to push products. Most of these ads, the panelists noted, perpetuate the notion that women are mere sex objects. The feminists were also irked by ads that provoke guilt feeling with the implication that unless women buy the product they will fail as

mothers, wives or lovers. A pet peeve promotions for feminine-hygiene deodorants. The panelists believed that such products meet no real need.

Women's liberationists are by no means the only critics. Franchelle Cadwell, non-lib president of Cadwell Davis, a Manhattan ad agency with billings of \$6,000,000, has been lecturing around the country on the subject. "Some advertisers act like women have brain damage," she says. "This has to change. Women are tired of insults."

Disadvantaged Minority. Miss Cadwell had a research group choose 607 women at random and ask one question. "What TV advertisement can you recall that you find particularly demeaning or objectionable?" Most-resented ads were for Right Guard deodorant, Axon preshampoo and Ultra Brite toothpaste. Right Guard's commercials show two families sharing the same medicine cabinet, and that, as Mrs. Cadwell sees it, belittles family life and offends women in their roles as wives and mothers. Women resent Arthur Godfrey's pitch for Axon, she believes, because it talks down to them. As for Ultra Brite's kiss-throwing commercials, she says: "Advertisers must think that women are stupid if they are to believe that a toothpaste will bring sex appeal." Other ads that the women found vexing included some for Crest toothpaste, Bold detergent, Dove soap, Colgate 100 mouthwash, Punch detergent, Ajax cleaner and Scope mouthwash.

Militants are getting into the act by defacing offending ads in buses, subways and on billboards with stickers proclaiming, THIS AD INSULTS WOMEN, or THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN. Admen like to hold by formulas that they consider successful. But some executives in the business believe that they ultimately will have to take account of the feminine protest. "In advertising," says Dr. Robert Wachster, a psychologist on the BBDO staff, "we will have to show women less as women and more as people."

Space Race Abroad

Moscow	Tight	\$—40
Munich	Very tight	23-32
Nice	Tight	10-26
Paris	Very tight	14-60
Rome	Very tight	20-48
Stockholm	Very tight	20-36
Tel Aviv	Very tight	12-25
Vienna	Tight	10-40
ASIA		
Bangkok	Easy	10-21
Hong Kong	Tight	10-35
Tokyo	Very tight	17-33
LATIN AMERICA		
Buenos Aires	Tight	21-30
Mexico City	Easy	7-32
Rio de Janeiro	Easy	20-70

able for Americans visiting Moscow in summer.) All prices are for a double room. Taxes and mandatory service charges often add 10% to 25%.

Boost the Boss

In advertising, coddling the client's ego can be almost as important as selling his goods. The latest device for doing both at once is to give the corporate chief star billing in his company's ads. Wells, Rich, Greene popularized the idea last year by creating a television commercial for Trans World Airlines featuring the company's chairman, Charles Tillinghast Jr., who gave an elder-statesmanly address on the advantages of flying his line. Next, Wells Rich turned out a print and television campaign for American Motors Corp. that focused on Chairman Roy Chapin Jr. stressing the moderate prices of AMC models lined up behind him. Soon other chief executives, including TransAmerica's John Beckett, TRW's Horace Armor Shepard and A-T-O Inc.'s Harry Figgie Jr., turned up in their companies' print ads. Not to be outdone, J. Walter Thompson has just produced a Pan American World Airways ad with an oversize photo of President Najeeb Halaby, who seeks public support for a cut-rate youth fare that the line plans to propose to the International Air Transport Association. Since fads spread like measles on Madison Avenue, it is probable that more corporate brass will soon be peering out of advertisements. Even if it offers no other advantages, the device eliminates the expense of models' fees.

MONEY

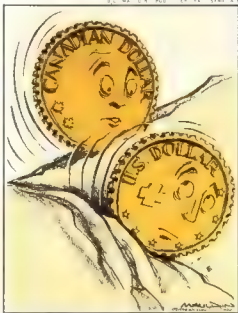
Canada Waives the Rules

Good sense sometimes makes the most thundering heresy. Example: Canada's new floating dollar. At its old fixed value of 92.5 U.S. cents, the currency was clearly undervalued; foreign money was pouring into Canada and aggravating an inflationary trend. Yet Canadian officials did not want to try to guess what official price would be right. So they decided last week to let the Canadian dollar sell for an indefinite period at whatever price foreign moneymen would pay (which by week's end was just under 97 U.S. cents). The move followed the example of West Germany, which last fall let the mark's value float for four weeks before it finally boosted the official rate from 25¢ to 27.3¢.*

Directors of the International Monetary Fund were shocked. Canada they grumbled, was not playing by IMF rules. Those rules require each country to maintain a fixed value for its currency, and allow change only when a nation's finances get into "fundamental disequilibrium," a stage that Canada had not quite reached. Still, what was to be gained by Canada's waiting for an acute crisis to develop—as the British, French and Germans have done in

the past—before making long-overdue rate changes? Although the IMF rules are designed to promote stability in world finance, they have proved to be overly rigid. Genuine stability is achieved when exchange rates reflect real value, and the market may often be the best mechanism for determining that value. If all goes smoothly, Canada's bold step may quicken moves toward a freer, more flexible system of exchange rates throughout the non-Communist world.

Cheapered Standard. Theoretically, the rise in price of Canada's dollar should add to inflation in the U.S., because it will tend to increase the cost of the raw materials that the U.S. buys up North. But producers of Ca-



"I USED TO LOOK UP TO YOU, CHUM, BUT YOU'VE CHANGED."

nadian nickel, newsprint and some other exports intend to hold their prices steady for at least the time being in order to please their important U.S. customers. The rise in other materials is expected to be relatively small. U.S. sales to Canada will very probably increase because Canadians will have to put up less of their own currency to buy U.S. goods.

For U.S. citizens, however, Canada's move has one disconcerting note. It underscores the severity of U.S. inflation. From the start of 1969 to the start of 1970, consumer prices rose more in the U.S. (6.5%) than in Canada (4.7%) or in most other industrial countries. The U.S. dollar is the standard of value against which all other currencies are measured. But its purchasing power is shrinking faster than that of other important moneys, which is a major reason why the Canadian dollar, Swiss franc and the Dutch guilder have lately looked "undervalued."

OIL

Find in a Treacherous Sea

These days big new oil discoveries seem to be turning up everywhere—in the North Slope of Alaska, in western Siberia and off the shores of Indonesia. Even so, the search for oil remains a frantic race to keep up with fast-moving demand. Oil usage in the non-Communist world reached almost 36 million bbl. per day last year and is expected to rise by well over 2,000,000 this year.

Last week Phillips Petroleum Co. announced what it called a "giant" oil discovery—one with at least a billion barrels of recoverable crude—in the North Sea. The new field seems conveniently located: 185 miles southwest of Norway and 200 miles east of Scotland. But it rests 230 ft. under one of the coldest and most treacherous seas a sailor is likely to encounter. Simply pumping out the oil and transporting it to refineries will be difficult and costly.

Some Surprise. Phillips cautiously said that its Ekofisk 2-X well may be capable of producing 10,000 bbl. of oil per day, though company men on the scene hope that further drillings in the immediate area will raise the figure for the whole field to 300,000 bbl. a day. One of Phillips' partners, Petrofina S.A., a Belgian oil company that owns 30% of the venture, estimated that the entire Ekofisk oilfield contains "approximately 7.5 billion barrels." If true, that would be four times greater than the present known reserves in all of Europe and would put the field in the same league with Alaska's estimated reserves of 10 to 20 billion bbl.

Not all European oilmen share Petrofina's enthusiasm. Royal Dutch Shell, which is exploring its own leases in the North Sea, found the estimate a "complete exaggeration." British Petroleum was "slightly surprised" by the find, but an official admitted it was unlikely that Phillips would exaggerate or overestimate. Neither Shell nor B.P. sees North Sea production seriously competing with cheaply transported Middle Eastern crude soon.

The main obstacle that Phillips and others face is the sea itself. Production of more than 200,000 bbl. per day will probably require a pipeline. The most likely place to run the line would be to Phillips' refinery at Blythmouth on the English coast 230 miles away. Phillips now estimates that developing the Ekofisk field will cost around \$500 million, including a pipeline. Further drilling may inflate that price, but Phillips and the eight other oil companies eagerly exploring under the North Sea figure the potential is worth the gamble.

* And Canada's own example in having no fixed exchange rate between September 1950 and May 1962.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Here come the brain echoes

This doctor-to-be is straining to get the message—and get it right.

The little probe in his hand sets up ultra-sonic echoes that painlessly and safely explore a human brain. But when those brain echoes come bouncing back, he finds they need trained brainpower to read their meaning.

"And remember," his professor warns, "even when echoes differ clearly from opposite sides of the head—even when you're sure the mid-wall of the brain has been pushed off center—you still have a clue, not a case. After that, you've got to discover what's done the pushing."

Today, such new techniques come on fast. They crowd

a student's ten tightly packed years of costly training. And they can consume several extra years if he goes on to specialize in the advanced diagnostics of Internal Medicine or Neurology.

You'll find the same pressure of new knowledge in A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. Each experiment explores some medical frontier. And it often takes years of costly experiments to create even one new and better medicine for your doctors of today and tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Making today's medicines with integrity . . . seeking tomorrow's with persistence

A-H-ROBINS

HOUSING

More Help for the Poor

Many suburbs resort to building codes, zoning, planning and subdivision ordinances in a veiled effort to prevent construction of new housing intended for the poor. To encourage such projects, so the tired argument runs, would hurt the neighborhood and overload its schools. Washington has long avoided making a direct challenge to such local rules. But last week the Nixon Administration asked Congress to prohibit local governments from using their power to control land use in ways that thwart construction of federally subsidized housing for low- or moderate-income families. The legislation would hit suburbs hard, because it would apply only to "underdeveloped or predominantly undeveloped" areas—that is, wealthier areas.

Jump in Subsidies. The most controversial item by far in the Administration's 1970 housing bill, the measure would carry the U.S. a step closer to the adoption of a national policy for more rational use of land to control the country's chaotic patterns of growth. The measure not only would empower the Attorney General to file enforcement suits against local governments but also would allow potential recipients of housing aid to sue in either federal or state courts to overturn local rules. Some opponents of the idea contend that Washington lacks authority to override local land controls. Though chances for adoption in this election year seem slim, the proposal will at least focus attention on the conflict between the freedom of localities to organize as they see fit and the social needs of the poor.

The proposal is one more sign of the Nixon Administration's surprising commitment to expand Government-subsidy programs for housing. Last year, housing starts under nine federally subsidized plans rose 15% to a record 223,600 units. This year Housing and Urban Development officials expect the figure to more than double to some 467,000 units, about one-third of the nation's total new housing.

Construction of low-rent public housing is scheduled to rise 43% this year to an alltime high of 117,000 units. More than that, HUD plans a fourteen-fold increase from 8,700 to 119,000 units, in the number of individual homes built for sale to low- and moderate-income families who will pay interest rates as low as 1% on the mortgage. The Government pays the interest in excess of 1%.

HUD Secretary George Romney has campaigned hard for increased aid and, more important, many private-industry groups that for years opposed public housing have lined up in support of the newer subsidy plans. After all, developers can now plan projects themselves and make a profit building or renting the structures.

EXECUTIVES

Death of a King

Every time the stock of Gulf Oil Corp. rose a point, Richard K. Mellon's personal wealth increased almost \$3,000,000. It hardly mattered. Mellon ruled the billion-dollar fortunes of a family so rich that it rarely if ever bothered to count exactly how much it was worth. His middle name was King, and he came as close to being a monarch as the U.S. allows. When he died last week at 70, of heart disease, U.S. industry in general, and Pittsburgh business specifically, lost a presence that was seldom seen but often felt.

Like most monarchs, the florid, silver-haired financier was born to rule. His was a celebrated family of bankers who built their capital by lending money to promising ventures and taking ownership interests in return. By the time Richard came of age, his family had dominant holdings in the Mellon National Bank, Gulf, Alcoa, Koppers and Carborundum. Richard, who became head of the family in 1934, later added First Boston Corp. and General Reinsurance Corp. Minority interests gave the Mellons a resonant voice in just about every Pittsburgh-based company except U.S. Steel. The family's policy was to reign rather than command, and its members



RICHARD K. MELLON
Seldom seen but often felt

—who include Mellon's cousins and nephews—stepped in only when management changes seemed necessary, which was seldom. Mellon himself picked many of the top managers, and they knew that he had veto power over their major decisions.

Seed Money. A political and economic conservative, Mellon displayed a strong social conscience that showed itself in deeds rather than words. He was the prime force behind the rebuilding projects that converted downtown Pittsburgh from a tangle of blackened buildings to an area of gleaming skyscrapers in largely smoke-free air. The Mellon family's money has seeded slum-rebuilding programs and efforts to open jobs and business opportunities for blacks. For years Pittsburghers said only half-jokingly, that Pennsylvania's late Governor David Lawrence, who was a power in the national Democratic Party, owed his prominence to the luck of having been Mayor of Pittsburgh when Mellon decided that the city should be rebuilt.

Mellon's adopted sons, Richard and Seward, work in T. Mellon & Sons, a family business, but have shown little of his devotion to rule—a situation that did not seem to bother their father. "You do not shove these rising generations around," he once said. "A man cannot go to his son and say, as my father said to me, 'You're going into this organization.' The best you can do with the new young, while they are making up their minds, is to keep them out of trouble." Those who knew him were not surprised that he showed no particular concern when, a few weeks before his death, Carnegie-Mellon University, of which he was by far the largest benefactor, opened its facilities to a convention of radicals who occupied most of their time denouncing his domination of the city.

\$15,000 SUBSIDIZED HOMES IN ATHENS, GA.



The sky is our home. The earth our winding path.

At this very moment you could be enjoying a tiny cup of warmed sake somewhere over the Orient.

Europe. The Middle East. Even Russia. You see... we take the gracious hospitality of Japan with us wherever we fly. It's something you can count on in this rapidly changing world.



The first time you fly Japan Air Lines, you'll know you've traveled right about JAL. We fly 21 routes to Japan.

BOOKS

Not So Tender Was the Night

ZELDA by Nancy Milford. 424 pages. Harper & Row \$10.

"All I want is to be very young all ways and very irresponsible," Zelda once wrote Scott Fitzgerald.

It was a charming idea, of course, and one particularly apt to the Jazz Age. But it must have been a bit unsettling to find such a statement in a letter from one's fiancée. By anybody's judgment, Scott Fitzgerald made a disastrous marriage. As this painstakingly researched biography shows, though, he was thoroughly forewarned. He met Zelda in 1918 when she was the belle of Montgomery, Ala., society and he was an Army lieutenant. The very first time Scott was invited to dine with her parents, Zelda so goaded her father that he chased her around the dining table waving a carving knife.

Worse shocks were to follow. After they became engaged, Scott went to New York to launch his writing career. Zelda stayed home and continued to accept prom invitations from all over the South. On one foray to Georgia Tech she was met at the train by four students, each of whom she had told was to be her escort. During the same weekend she got "pinned" to a young golfer. Back in Montgomery, she thought better of it and sent the pin back with a nice note, which she absent-mindedly addressed and mailed to Scott. There is plenty of reason to believe the Southern gentlemen who confessed that until Zelda's wedding day they confidently thought she would marry one of them.

The story of Scott and Zelda is one of the genuine literary legends of the century, recounted in several full-length biographies of Scott and mentioned in countless memoirs. Nancy Milford's book retraces all the familiar territory—the marathon drinks, the dips in public fountains—and adds poignant new testimony from diaries and letters concerning Zelda's schizophrenia. The book, though, is yet another proof that to know all is not to forgive all.

On All Fours. There is no doubt that Zelda loved Scott after her fashion. Yet from the beginning her grasp of any emotion except jealousy seemed tentative. "I like men to be just incidents in books so I can imagine their characters," she wrote. The pitiful fact was that she could neither understand nor relate to much of anything outside herself.

In the first years of their marriage, the Fitzgeralds managed to live a life fit for her fantasies. He was the precocious, popular author. Her slogan was *Let's do something!* and Scott was only too glad to comply, whether it was carousing all night or arriving at Sam Goldwyn's party on all fours

barking. There was no room in this private playground for a real child, and the birth of Frances ("Scottie") complicated their lives. Zelda had no maternal feelings—especially for a little blonde girl.

Then two episodes helped destroy the mutual trust upon which the Fitzgeralds' odd domestic alliance was based. When they were staying on the Riviera in 1924, Zelda had a love affair with a French aviator, Joaze. Shortly afterward in Hollywood, Scott developed a crush on a 17-year-old starlet named Lois Moran. He managed to remark in Zelda's presence that here, at least, was a girl who was trying to make something



ZELDA FITZGERALD
Pavlova or bust.

of herself. Stunned, Zelda determined to become a ballerina—"a Pavlova, nothing less." It was too late for her to become even an acceptable dancer, but what began as jealous rage turned into obsession. She practiced all day to *The March of the Wooden Soldiers* until Scott said the ditty was "engraved on every organ he possessed."

It was actually Zelda herself who was etched inside his skull. All Fitzgerald's work was a transmuted biography. Zelda is the spoiled Gloria Patch in *The Beautiful and Damned*, the callous Daisy Buchanan of *The Great Gatsby*, and most poignantly, the fond yet mad Nicole Diver in *Tender Is the Night*, which also draws on Lois and Joaze. Her letters and diaries, her rash actions and rejoinders were dug up by her husband, fussed with a bit and

then carefully replanted in the novels.

Gradually, Zelda's obsessive excitement turned into hysteria and delusion. Ten years after they married, she checked into her first mental hospital. Thereafter, like Nicole, she spent most of her time in institutions, writing long letters alternately berating her husband and begging for his love.

It was a bitter story, and one without any clear, cleansing calamity. At various times Zelda's mental condition improved, and she tried earnestly to reintroduce herself into Scott and Scottie's lives. The results were usually dismal. One Christmas she smashed all the ornaments on the child's tree. At another point she confessed, "My child is gone from the present—out of my life. If I approach her and her hair smells bad and I get nauseated—I just have to go away from her. I know her hair doesn't smell bad but it makes me sick anyway."

Zelda is full of such stark statements as it moves along, documenting her decay, including her howling professional jealousy of Scott and the one-sided novel that she wrote. Zelda said of herself that she had "a terrible inferiority complex that drives one to attempt anything. . . . A feeling of being thrown into complete pandemonium when you see someone who can do more." Unfortunately, Author Milford, an English instructor at Columbia, is satisfied to lay her evidence out chronologically with little comment or assessment. Until the day—long after Scott's death—when she was burned to death in a hospital fire, in 1948, Zelda was an impulsive, deadly mercurial woman who seldom could or did analyze her own actions. She would be better served by a biographer who attempted the exacting task of bringing order out of madness.

Wakes and Confessions

DOWN ALL THE DAYS by Christy Brown. 266 pages. Stein & Day \$6.95.

Christy Brown, 37, is one of 22 children born into a Dublin working-class family. He is also a near totally disabled victim of cerebral palsy. His literary language is not one of his infirmities. In *Down All the Days*, which seems more memoir than first novel, he shows a native gift for the familiar set pieces of the Irish novel: there are confession and wake scenes, tableaux of biddies drinking and Da's beating up on their wives, vignettes of funerals and prostitutes and searching parties.

Brown also includes a goodly number of O'Portnoyesque sexual gropings. Indeed, just as he tends to mistake the pulsations of language for plot, he too often confuses the artificial throbbing of sex for thematic development. There is no denying the occasional grandeur in his strokes of lyricism: "He longed to fly with the wind and seek the hidden things, the small quiet undying treasured things in the warm hearts and

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CHRISTY BROWN

Full of O'Portnoyesque gropings.

houses of the unknown people harboured by the night and the falling feculent snow." Yet the final effect of these remembrances of a wheelchair-bound Dublin boyhood is clovingly reductive and simplistic. Even that standard rage against the church or the state of a divine Ireland—basic fuel for so many burning Irish writers—might have been better. Instead, Brown goes gently into that good night of the sweet and ventummental ha'penny *Bildungsroman*.

Even so Brown's memoirs could be easy enough to take were it not for the overwrought language used by his publisher in offering the book. There is something almost positively obscene about a flap that promises "the greatest work of art ever created by a wholly handicapped person." ("He has the full use of one limb, his left foot. And yet with the little toe of that left foot, he has typed, one letter at a time, over 15 years, *Down All the Days*.") This Barthesque hawking freak-show tone manages to degrade the book and insult the limited but quite legitimate talents of the author.

Home Thoughts from Abroad

NOTEBOOKS OF A DILETTANTE by Le
coolid Tyrmand. 240 pages. Macmillan
\$5.95

As a pro-American foreigner attempting to convert anti-American Americans, Leopold Tyrmand has had remarkably grim grounds for comparison. He arrived here from Poland at age 45, after living through some of the worst experiences that Western civilization has had to offer. He survived stints in Russian and German prisons in World War II, and for a time was a member of the underground. He was equally opposed to the Communist takeover of Poland at the end of the war, and in his position as a popular novelist and journalist, he

The high cost of being a hemophiliac.

Say you make \$22,000 a year. Enough, you'd think, to take care of your son who's a hemophiliac.

You know there's something you can give him to control his bleeding. Something called a clotting factor.

A daily injection of this clotting factor is all it would take for your son to live—and bleed—like a normal person.

It's almost more than you dared to hope for. It's as simple as a diabetic giving himself insulin.

The only trouble is, it would cost you the \$22,000 a year you make to give it to your son.

What do you do?

What do the parents of other hemophiliacs do?

How many people even make \$22,000 a year to begin with?

We're in a terrible position. After twenty years of research, we've finally got the control for hemophilia. But what good is having the control for a disease if you can't get it to all the people who need it?

What we have to do now is find a way to produce the clotting factor so every hemophiliac can afford it.

So far, we can only get it to a few people.

A hundred-thousand other hemophiliacs are just waiting.

We need your money to get it to them.

We're so close, yet so far.

National Hemophilia Foundation
25 West 39th Street, New York, New York 10018



LEOPOLD TYRMAND

Intellectual dreams of influence.

became one of the most outspoken opponents of the Gomulka regime.

After bearing close witness to these tragedies, Tyrmand feels the need to convince downcast Americans that their country is a lot better than they think it is. He takes ironic delight in discerning values in U.S. traits that have come to be generally deplored. "It's true, as American-haters say, that it is possible to sell everything in America." But, Tyrmand adds, generosity and the highest moral values are packaged here too. "Why," he asks, revealing that his book went to press before the present financial crisis, "should idealism overlook the advantages of a perfectly functioning, booming economy?" A European may smile condescendingly at the compulsion of elderly Americans to try to stay young. But we should remember, says Tyrmand, that "many of his elemental securities are dependent on the American, childish, stubborn denial of surrender." In America, "only death constitutes a positive end, an absolute and final break. While he is alive, man not only has the right to, but also the duty of, undertaking countless beginnings."

Self-Destructive War. After a number of uncomfortable brushes with New York City's alienated cognoscenti, Tyrmand concludes that the American intellectual yearns for power; but "all that is offered to him is influence; and that seems to him an offensive concession. Hence, he wages a self-destructive war. Hatred becomes his substitute for power." The Eastern European intellectual, on the other hand, "doesn't miss power. He knows too well what a leaden burden is perennially attached to it. All he dreams about is influence. He knows that in enlarging margins of

freedom and human dignity, influence is more instrumental than power."

Tyrmand is particularly distressed by Americans who call for revolution. He lavishes on them the kind of contempt that can issue only from someone who has known revolution firsthand. Tyrmand, of course, takes words with a deadly seriousness because he knows that in a totalitarian state they can lead to death when used too freely. In America, revolutionary chatter seems both careless and frivolous.

Like other foreign observers, Tyrmand finds U.S. social tumult a sign of health and vigor. "European halls and auditoriums lack something that American campuses are filled with—a special kind of involvement in mankind's tormented present, crucial for the shaping of the future." His message to Americans is not to overlook the virtues of their social order while they concentrate on eliminating its vices. Not all problems can be blamed on the society. With their impatience and their faith in man's perfectibility, Americans tend to blame all problems on the malfunctioning of their society when many of them are part of life itself.

Americans critical of their country will not be appeased by arguments about the "human condition," or by assurances that the U.S. is better than other nations. The question is not how the U.S. compares to others, but whether it is living up to its own promise and potential. Still, Tyrmand's point is worth keeping in mind: beware that the quest for utopia does not destroy the freedoms that make such a quest possible in the first place.

Talking It Out

EACH OTHER'S VICTIMS by Milton Travers. 128 pages. Scribner. \$5.95.

Today's version of the Great American Tragedy is teen-age drug addiction. Milton Travers is a pseudonymous magazine writer whose 18-year-old son Ricky became a speed freak and vanished into New York's East Village. In *Each Other's Victims*, Travers describes how he tracked Ricky down and tried to rescue him. He is brisk, professional and explicit—about his son's life as an addict, about his own confused, guilt-soaked reactions, about the grubby details of the drug culture, or at least that part of it involving amphetamines. Except for a spectacular denouement (Papa dropping Librium, son suffering amphetamine withdrawal, both jabbering Oedipal home truths as they cross Washington Square, drunk on drugs and adrenalin), the book is totally convincing. One emerges unnerfed from Travers' nightmare. Seen through a screen of mind-blown local color, hell really seems to be located somewhere east of Second Avenue.

Any reader is likely to know that already. The question is raised: What is the point of a book whose principal characteristic is a kind of aggressive,

self-destructive candor? Travers clearly deserves sympathy and even, to a degree, admiration. After all, he sticks by his son and eventually saves him. Yet a nagging sense of mixed motives, the author's and the reader's, keeps intruding.

Frayed Nerve Endings. Similar accounts—how-not-to-do-it manuals for frightened parents—are customarily welcomed on the grounds of public utility. *Each Other's Victims* will probably be so welcomed too. At any rate, the author apparently makes this assumption. He sedulously offers nuggets of information: "One physician estimates that five years is probably a long life span for a practicing speed freak." He also hazards scary opinion: "There are something like seven million college students in the country, and God knows how many millions of kids in high school, probably five, six times as many. I would guess that of that total alone, an absolute minimum of 50% have used [marijuana]—and more than at just one zoned-out party." But Travers is also plainly aware that drugs are very good copy—after finding his son, he promptly got an assignment for a magazine article on the drug scene.

The author's confusion is our own. American nerve ends are so frayed these days that it is impossible to read anything about teen-age addiction without being touched, without involuntarily plunging around in it looking for ourselves, for our children, brothers, sisters, friends, as well as for reassurances and clues. In the end of this book and the reader's reaction to it may both be symptoms of an incorrigible American tendency to expose and eventually trivialize deep, personal agonies, to exorcise fear by talking about it to anyone who will listen. *Each Other's Victims* is not a very good book; what it says about the U.S. inadvertently may be worse.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week).
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (2)
3. Deliverance, Dickey (3)
4. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (4)
5. Losing Battles, Welty (5)
6. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (6)
7. The Value of Nothing, Weitz
8. The Godfather, Puzo (8)
9. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (7)
10. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel

NONFICTION

1. Up the Organization, Townsend (1)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (2)
3. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (4)
4. The New English Bible (5)
5. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (3)
6. Hard Times, Terkel (10)
7. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Angelou (7)
8. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (6)
9. Love and Will, May (8)
10. Points of Rebellion, Douglas (9)

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